

THE POPE'S APPEAL FOR PEACE

ON the completion of a year of warfare between the principal nations of Europe, Benedict XV. has published a new letter, addressed as before to the world generally, but in a very special manner to the belligerent nations and their rulers, conjuring them to work together at last in the spirit of reconciliation for the ending of all this bloodshed. Let us first summarize the contents of this letter, which should be known and studied at least by all Catholics, and then emphasize its true meaning and significance, in contrast with the perverse interpretations that have been placed upon it by some of the leading organs of public opinion in this country, the only country of which from this point of view we have certain knowledge.

Benedict XV. begins with a reference to his saintly predecessor, "whose life was cut short by grief at the fratricidal struggle that had just burst forth in Europe." We all remember the last words of Pius X. when he looked around at those who had been working by his side in cordial fellowship for the advancement of religion at the fountain-head of its beneficent activities, but were then being called away by their respective Governments to range themselves in opposite camps and exchange the spirit of friendship for that of bitter hostility. We remember, too, the sense of orphanhood that came over us all, when thus bereft, at a time of unprecedented crisis, of the leader in whom we had learnt to trust. But when a Pope dies his office does not die with him. Quickly another Pontiff is elected to take over its burden, and receives from on high the special spirit that is imparted to him as a *gratia status*. And Benedict XV., succeeding at a moment when surely the Papacy could be to no one a dignity for ambition to covet, takes the suffering world to his paternal heart, and resolves to devote his whole life to the arduous work of reconciliation.

Turning [he says] a fearful glance at the blood-stained battlefields, we felt the anguish of a father who sees his homestead devastated and in ruins before the fury of the hurricane. And thinking with unspeakable regret of our young sons who were being mown down by death in thousands, we opened our heart,

enlarged by the charity of Christ, to all the crushing sorrow of the mothers and of the wives made widows before their time, and to all the inconsolable laments of the little ones too early bereft of a father's care. Sharing in the anxious fears of innumerable families, and fully conscious of the imperative duties imposed on us by the sublime mission of peace and love entrusted to our care in the days of so much sadness, we conceived at once the firm purpose of consecrating all our energy and all our power to the reconciling of the peoples at war, indeed we made it a solemn promise to our Divine Saviour, who willed to make all men brothers at the cost of His blood.

He then refers to his first address to the nations and their rulers. It was conceived in the spirit of love and friendship, but its advice, though that of a father and a friend, remained unheard. His grief was aggravated, but his purpose was unshaken.

We turned therefore in all confidence to the Almighty One who holds in His hands the minds and hearts of subjects as well as of kings, begging of Him the cessation of the unprecedented scourge. We wished to associate all the faithful in our fervent and humble prayer, and to make it the more efficacious we arranged that it should be accompanied by works of Christian penance.

And now, when the anniversary of the Declaration of War impresses forcibly on all thoughtful minds the need of reflection on the grievousness of the situation that has resulted, he resolves to make yet a further appeal to the consciences of those involved, "in the hopes that his cry, prevailing over the dreadful clash of arms, may reach the people who are now at war, and their rulers, inclining both to milder and more serene views."

In the holy name of God, in the name of our heavenly Father and Lord, by the Blessed Blood of Christ, the price of man's redemption, we conjure you whom divine Providence has placed over the nations at war, to put an end at last to this horrible slaughter which for a whole year has dishonoured Europe. It is the blood of brothers that is being poured out on land and sea. The most beautiful regions of Europe, this garden of the world, are sown with corpses and with ruin. There where but a short time ago flourished the industry of manufactures and the fruitful labours of the fields now thunders fearfully the cannon, and in its destructive fury it spares neither village nor city, but spreads everywhere havoc and death. You bear before God

and man the tremendous responsibility of peace and war; give ear to our prayer, to the fatherly voice of the Vicar of the Eternal and Supreme Judge, to whom you must render an account as well of your public undertakings, as of your own individual deeds.

The abounding wealth with which God the Creator has enriched the lands that are subject to you allow you to go on with the struggle; but at what cost? Let the thousands of young lives quenched every day on the fields of battle make answer; answer the ruins of so many towns and villages, of so many monuments raised by the piety and genius of your ancestors. And the bitter tears shed in the secrecy of the home, or at the foot of the altars where suppliants beseech—do not these also repeat that the price of the long drawn-out struggle is great, too great?

Surely this is a moving appeal which, at all events up to the point our quotations have reached—that is to say, in the vivid picture it draws of the calamities with which the war has inundated a whole continent—must awaken an echo in the hearts of all reflecting persons. Only let us note that, besides the ruin wrought in the present, what is before us in the prospect of the future has also to be reckoned in. When the storm that has lashed into fury the waters of the ocean has itself been appeased, it is still long before the surface of the sea is smoothed down. And yet more is this the case with the storms that stir up into fury the passions of the human spirit. Before the war broke out, men of all the European nations were working together in harmony, each people contributing what it was best able to produce towards the accumulation of wealth for the supply of human needs, all bound together by a system of co-operation and exchange which worked for the benefit of all and each, and this not only for the attainment of material objects, but likewise for the advancement of mental and spiritual development. Now all is changed. On either side is resentment and suspicion, on one side (but thank God on one side only), even the form of greeting when two friends meet, which is wont to be some expression of goodwill, having been deliberately changed into words of cursing and bitterness. How long will it take, even when the war is over, for all these hatreds and suspicions to subside! And then, if the issue of this war were to result, as we trust it will not, in annexations of territory and of unwilling populations, what has happened so often before will happen again in enlarged measure, for as the Pope goes on to

point out most truly, "nations do not die; humbled and oppressed they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and vendetta."

With this distressing picture before his eyes how can we wonder that Benedict XV. should ask himself, and ask the belligerents, if there be no hope of reconciliation and peace, until this miserable struggle is fought out to the bitter end, and each side is constrained to lay down its arms through sheer exhaustion?

Why not [he says to the rulers of these contending nations] from this moment weigh with serene mind the rights and lawful aspirations of the peoples? Why not initiate with a good will an exchange of views, directly or indirectly, with the object of holding in due account, within the limits of possibility, those rights and aspirations, and thus succeed in putting an end to the monstrous struggle, as has been done under other similar circumstances? Blessed be he who will first raise the olive-branch, and hold out his right hand to the enemy with reasonable terms of peace. The equilibrium of the world, and the prosperity and assured tranquillity of nations, rest upon mutual benevolence and respect for the rights and dignity of others, much more than upon hosts of armed men and the ring of powerful fortresses.

This is the cry of peace that breaks forth from our heart with added vehemence on this mournful day; and we invite all, who-soever are the friends of peace the world over, to give us a helping hand in order to hasten the termination of the war, which for a long year has changed Europe into one vast battle-field. May the merciful Jesus, through the intercession of His sorrowful Mother, grant that, at last after so horrible a storm, the dawn of peace may break, placid and radiant, an image of His own divine countenance. May hymns of thanksgiving soon rise to the Most High, the giver of all good things, for the accomplished reconciliation of the States; may the peoples, bound in bonds of brotherly love, return to the peaceful rivalry of studies, of arts, of industries, and, with the empire of right re-established, may they resolve from henceforth to entrust the settlement of their differences, not to the sword's edge, but to reasons of equity and justice, pondered with due calm and deliberation. This will be the most splendid and glorious conquest.

Such is Benedict XV.'s latest appeal. Like the previous appeal to which it refers it does not seem to be receiving, at all events from the non-Catholic press, the reception which it

deserves. On the contrary, it has been received with marked disapproval by our English papers. And yet it does but express in beautiful and pathetic language the very principle for settling dangerous international disputes of which this country has for many years past been perhaps the foremost advocate, the principle of arbitration. Indeed, was it not this very principle which governed Sir Edward Grey's proposals to the Governments of the Central Empires during the anxious week which preceded the Declaration of War? Let us have a conference to exchange views, in the hope, that, as not seldom on previous occasions, some settlement may be arrived at, and the dreadful alternative of a European war be staved off. We know from the diplomatic correspondence published a year ago, how earnestly he strove for this, and with an insistence which might have led to its adoption, had not the Austrian Government made such a conference impossible by requiring from Serbia an answer to its ultimatum within forty-eight hours.

Of course it will be said that arbitration is doubtless the best method by a long way in itself, but that a new situation has arisen, and we are now faced by an endeavour on the part of our foes to stamp out liberty and civilization throughout the world, to reduce all other nationalities beneath their yoke, and govern them, without regard for their welfare and happiness, by the jack-boot, supported by periodical massacres. With such foes, it is urged, there can be no peace possible until their power for evil is so far destroyed as to place the cause of European freedom and justice beyond the reach of their attacks. When then a spiritual ruler like the Pope comes forward with an exhortation, in which he classes us and our foes in one category, and treats us as equally to blame for this devastating war and the atrocities that have characterized some of its phases, and when he proposes that we should meet together on equal terms and agree on an inconclusive peace, have we not a right to be indignant and to regard him as acting in the interests of our foes, with whom we know from his other acts he is in secret sympathy?

It is just in this strain that the *Times*, which we may take as typical of a number of our papers, spoke in its leader, on August 6th:

The Italian press [it says] has commented, not without bitterness, upon the appeal for peace recently addressed by the Pope to the peoples and heads of belligerent States. In Rome, our

Correspondent reports, there is even a feeling that the appeal "may be the preface to an offer of peace negotiations on the part of Germany, an offer which would win the blessing of the Pope and the support of the Vatican." . . . With the full text [now] before us, we are bound to admit that it can fairly bear the interpretation the Italian papers have put upon it.

In other words, the Pope wrote this Address in collusion with the Kaiser, and with the intention of supporting the plans of the latter by forcing upon the Allies an inconclusive peace, so arranged that their foes only could profit by it? Could anything be more preposterous? That our foes may be working for a peace of this kind, a peace which would enable them to prepare for a speedy resumption of the contest under conditions more favourable to themselves, may easily be believed; indeed it looks as if certain *ballons d'essai* recently set flying were inspired by that object. But where is the foundation for imputing any such design, based on a secret understanding with the Kaiser, to Benedict XV., and supplying the motive for his address? The Pope has given sufficient proofs of his determination to keep himself free from taking sides with either of the contending parties, that he may be the better able to fulfil his paternal duties towards all alike. But, even if it were otherwise, and his sympathies were with the German side, it is altogether too base to suspect him of prostituting his spiritual power to further the temporal objects of one of the belligerents in a way so disreputable. Nor is the *Times* leader-writer more excusable when he goes on to misconstrue the meaning of the Pope's words, where, after describing the wholesale bloodshed, he asks "does not the ruin wrought show that the price of the struggle is great, too great?" What the Holy Father means is obviously that war, especially war such as is now being waged, is too cruel a method of settling international disputes; that it is much better to follow the more peaceful method of conferences and arbitration. He does not define which side is the aggressor; to do that would have been to defeat the purpose of his appeal; but from the nature of the case the reproach contained in his words is meant for the aggressor, not for the side which is on the defensive and is only seeking to repel an assault on its fundamental liberties. Why then, these malevolent critics of the Pope will say, not address the appeal to the German rulers and peoples, they being unquestionably the real aggressors? Manifestly, because

to do that would have been to predispose them against the very remedy he wished to apply.

And what is this remedy? It is one which presupposes, no doubt, in those who are asked to apply it, a truly Christian conscience, an intimate sense of the presence of the God, our Father and Judge, and of the Christ who is our merciful Redeemer. To all such Benedict XV. addresses his appeal, whether they be rulers or subjects, and wherever they may be. He bids them look into themselves, with the full consciousness that the eye of God is upon them, and reflect on the fearful situation the war has created. Can they say honestly before God that in waging this war they are acting purely in defence of their own liberties, and not seeking to destroy the liberties of others? Can they say that they are not swayed by unnatural hatreds rather than by sentiments tempered with Christian mildness, at least towards the individual members of the opposed nations? Can they say that they are solicitous in their endeavours to observe all the Hague provisions, accepted under their own signature by practically all the belligerent nations, for restricting military operations within the limits of humanity, so that the restoration of international amenities when the war is at last over, may be rendered more, not less, speedily practicable? Can they say that they are striving to regulate their conduct towards those opposed to them, by the law of God, and the sweet spirit of Jesus Christ? This is the kind of self-examination to which the Pope invites the rulers and peoples now ranged against one another in deadly conflict; nor can it be suggested, with any pretence of justice, that in proposing it, the august Pontiff means that the effect, whether it proves to be so or not, ought to be that all, on either side, will acknowledge themselves to be equally to blame. All he asks of them is that they should strive to overcome bias and passion, and endeavour to get at the real truth, where it is against them as well as where it is for them; and, though he does not say so in actual words, obviously his desire is that they should insist on having the full evidence set before them, so that they may be able to form a rational judgment on its character, and not be dependent on the unsupported assertions of governmental *côteries*. For we take it that the Pope, though necessarily he addresses himself in the first place to the sovereigns and rulers, means also that the populations themselves should enter on this exercise of self-examination; and that is a point

of the highest importance for the attaining of the object of the appeal, as likewise for the removal of the misapprehensions as to its character that are current in this country.

There are violent spirits amongst us who will say that the Germans have not got consciences, but only unscrupulous desires to dominate the rest of mankind and reduce them to misery; and will ask what is the use of the Pope appealing to persons of that sort? But is not this an instance of the kind of fault, which even those on the side that is itself in the right should see the need of correcting in the light of self-examination? We have our own decided opinion, based on careful study of the evidence, as to the origin of the war, and as to the nations which can claim to have justice on their side. But in commenting on the Pope's Appeal, we feel it to be a duty to say as little as possible of a controversial character. Let us be content then to put it thus. It is one thing to hold guilty of this moral obliquity the party among our enemies which is primarily responsible for the outbreak of the war and for the way in which it is being carried on. It is quite another to ascribe the same guilt to the German and Austrian populations generally, or to the sovereigns of the constituent States in their totality. Who that has known them can suppose such a thing to be true of them all? They may have been misled by the false statements that have been put in circulation, into thinking that the nations they have been called upon to fight had really taken the initiative in assailing them, and have the intention of destroying altogether their national existence and tranquillity; and they may, in their consequent indignation, have said and done things which merit condemnation. But at least vast masses of them are good, earnest, conscientious Christians, not to say Catholics, whose ear is likely to be awake to the voice of the Holy Father when he bids them look into their consciences, and work their hardest for the ending of the war, not by an inconclusive peace, which should be but the forerunner of a still more violent assault on the peace of the world and the harmony of the Christian populations, but a solid peace based on the removal of misunderstandings, the renewal of friendships, and the "return to that peaceful rivalry of studies, arts and industries" which makes the whole world kin.

And let us take this occasion to protest against a mode of expression which we sometimes hear used by English speakers or writers. It is a war, they say, in which the contending

parties are fighting for their very existence. Are we to cease to exist or are they? Alas, if the fortunes of war were to turn against us, we should have little left to us over here of the homes and the freedom that we love. But why should we wish to retaliate thus, if it should be ours to win? Their homes are as sweet to them as ours are to us. At the thought of their being in danger of destruction, it is only to be expected that they should rise up to defend them. But do we wish to destroy them, however much it might be in our power? God forbid! is what all save a very few at most would reply. And Mr. Asquith, when defining the goal for which we have drawn the sword of self-defence, gave it as being "to destroy the military domination of Prussia," a very different thing from destroying the national existence of the German peoples, and motived only by the conviction that, as long as this domination remains intact it will always be threatening the peace of Europe, in the prosecution of its schemes of aggression.

S. F. S.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVELS OF MGR. BENSON

THERE is a prevalent opinion among a certain class of Mgr. Benson's readers that his most far-reaching work has been in the psychological novel; that his is, essentially, the last word in that department of literature, which, from *The Mill on the Floss*, to his own latest book, has occupied so important a place in fiction. In his lecture on novels, George Eliot was entirely ignored, and this is strange, because whatever her artistic limitations, she is the only non-Catholic psychological novelist who has given us real souls with infinite longings and spiritual ideals beyond any human satisfaction. She fails, indeed, to solve her own problems, but she at least goes so far as to recognize what really matters. If one follows attentively the history of this kind of writing, one discovers a sort of gradual evolution from interesting Maggie Tulliver, with her vague yearnings and dim ideals, to uninteresting Marion in *Loneliness*, who fulfilled that ideal in the performance of a prosaic but heroic duty.

The most contemptuous charge brought against Mgr. Benson by the world outside his own atmosphere, is that his novels are elaborate tracts. For a priest this is, of course, praise. He was, indeed, first the apostle, then the artist; and each book contains some principle of the spiritual life, some deep truth, to which the wit and sparkle and power of the setting of the story are only accessories to aid its serious impression. That he was apostle as well as artist is his chief claim to distinction in this special kind of literature.

If Christianity is accepted as the true criterion of thought and conduct, it must count in all psychological fiction; it belongs to the inside of life. Robert Hugh Benson, from the time he began to realize his own soul, was essentially a Catholic *anima naturaliter Christiana*. But he was even more: he had received the gift of gifts. That curious blending of simplicity and mystery; that original literary manner, confiding, yet remote; that mingling of boyishness and maturity, reveal the mystic; as such he writes. He is so real and so simple that he seems capable of seeing things only

from a supernatural standpoint; and as he sees the vision, so he tells the story, which gains in interest and entertainment from his knowledge of the other points of view as well. But to be in sympathy with his aim and to recognize the ingenuity of his peculiar methods, one must make the necessary effort to forego the merely conventional outlook, and to look at things as they really are. If, before beginning a novel of Mgr. Benson's, we took the trouble to read a chapter from the Discourse after the Last Supper, or one of St. Paul's Epistles, or Père Lallemand on the gifts of the Holy Spirit, or St. Teresa's *Way of Perfection*, or a volume of St. John of the Cross, we should be in the right attitude of mind for one of these books. Nor is this suggestion light or irreverent. The novel, in this priest's hands, was an instrument for diffusing the knowledge and love of God, as in St. Paul's day the letter was the great apostolic medium. One might force comparisons further and say that these novels create a sort of wireless telegraphy, quivering out into the world from the dynamo of a soul of piercing vision, and finding in every case somewhere a receiver. The message may miss the many, but it reaches the few. This literature of applied mysticism, these illustrations of sanctity in fiction, present, certainly, the highest and most right-minded use of the imaginative faculty, and also the truest. After all, if Francis Bernardone is a saint, so is Frank Guisely. The mediæval beggar becomes the modern tramp; one is historic, the other (possibly) imaginary, but they are the same in motive, and inspiration; the circumstances do not matter. In this, as in many of his books, the author has set up a sign to be contradicted. "What a strange young man to give his friends so much trouble!" one reader exclaims on finishing *None Other Gods*; "How sordid!" says another. "How like St. Francis of Assisi!" . . . "If St. John of the Cross were to write a novel, I think it would be along these lines, only Spanish and mediæval, of course." It really does not matter whether the hero tries to build up an old Italian church, or works in a London jam factory; whether he begs in Assisi or in Kensington, the idea is the same; the Poor Man of Nazareth has spoken to each, and the young English nobleman of modern days, and the light-hearted troubadour son of an Italian merchant, leaving all, follow. *The Conventionalists* is of the same general character, so is *The Sentimentalists*, although one deals rather with a purely contemplative vocation evolved in the most com-

monplace British surroundings, and the other with reality and unreality in conversion of heart. The subject of all these novels is the soul in relation to God.

This leads us to another charge brought against Mgr. Benson as a writer of fiction: that he never succeeds in pure character-study as it is generally understood. His butlers and baronets and fathers and mothers and Catholic priests and Protestant vicars have no individuality; they merely stand around one central figure and minister indirectly (apparently) to some religious *dénouement*. There is truth and untruth in this statement. He is not merely a dissector of character; he is a true psychologist—as such pre-eminently Christian. He leaves mere moods, situations, and problems of temperament, to artists who specialize magnificently in the non-essential. A priest has more to do and farther to go; besides, he knows more; he understands conscience and the deep things of the soul; he cannot, if he would, speak from the shallows, or attach to the surfaces of life significance, which his experience of others as well as of himself tells him is exaggerated and false. A man who devotes his own inner life to the knowledge of God, can hardly be vitally interested in mere human moods and situations, as such. And yet these matters form the elements of the usual psychological novel: humanity in relation to creatures, as St. Ignatius would put it, with no reference to God and seldom to conscience; although in a few of Meredith's one can perceive some recognition of the Decalogue hovering over public opinion, and really, though imperceptibly, directing its currents. When a priest, however, deals with such minor matters as moods, disposition, circumstance, he knows too well what they mean, to exaggerate their importance. He realizes the immense yearning of the human heart, but he also knows the satisfaction in renunciation, that paradox on which the highest Christianity rests. To do otherwise than to choose for his subject a soul in its relation to God, would be to sacrifice the priest to the artist. His method is to pick out one human being capable of spiritual impression, and study it in connection with its inspirations and temptations, its duty and its graces. The soul in question may be ordinary, as in the case of Percy Brandreth-Smith, or unusual, like Frank Guisely. It does not matter, provided there is some response to the supernatural. Mgr. Benson has been severely criticized for selecting Percy for his average man; but there are many of us

who must remember some very Percy-ish moments in our spiritual history, and recognize the artistry of it all. What really constitutes the dull tragedy of the ultimate failure, however, is the loss of such exceptional graces, thrown away for an alluring but very ordinary temptation. Nevill, in *Initiation*, is also an average man with perhaps more average graces than Percy, yet he comes out on top of his peculiar trial, and utilizes it. As if to balance Percy and raise our spirits (which sounds paradoxical under such circumstances), Mr. Main is placed in contrast; and what a perfect piece of work that one figure is, even from the artistic point of view. This type exemplifies the real message of the writer—that nothing matters but the supernatural.

Mgr. Benson's art is sometimes painfully realistic, with a relentless supernatural realism. Whether he chooses to send his soul to the gates of hell, as in the case of Jack Weston, and bring him back with the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, or whether he takes a boy like Val, struggling with an overmastering imagination; or a girl like Mary Weston, steadily refusing and finally accepting an insistent grace, we have to feel that God and the soul are the only realities; that grace matters immensely, and that after all, we are enough alike for any soul of ordinary education to do for a type. We make a great deal of our "temperaments" and our "situations" and the "problem of circumstance," but with this truthful and ruthless novelist, these are only relatively significant in the real life of the soul where

There is no shuffling, there the action lies;

and as we read, we too must become more simple and elemental in our own secret consciousness, or we shall miss the point. These novels are spiritual dramas in which the author can only manage one protagonist at a time, because the study of just one soul is so absorbing. He takes this, Hamlet-wise, and makes all the rest act in the capacity of mere circumstances; so the fathers and footmen and mothers and nurses and friends and illnesses and shocks and illusions and good fortune and disappointments, together with the "temperament" of the individual in question, simply supply the

Machinery just meant
To give the soul (its) bent,
Try (it) and turn (it) forth sufficiently impressed.

The drama itself with its climax of grace followed by the

inevitable catastrophe or triumph, deals with the issues of conscience or those more elusive acquiescences and rejections on the higher plane of inspiration. One thing is quite certain; the soul itself can be mistress of the situation; free-will can choose its own course. One is tremendously impressed with the terrific power of choice.

But although they are only secondary, the circumstances are managed with consummate art. The dear old nurse, "Benty," in *The Coward*; the servant's gossip; the mere people who go in and out and leave no particular mark on the story, are perfectly wrought all in their own way. The conversations are lifelike and often intensely funny; one finds oneself laughing as one reads, it is so humanly clever and alive. Take Lady Sarah, for instance, and her mother. How skilfully the artist shows up the mental processes of these ignorant, undeveloped souls, and how amusingly he records them. *A Winnowing* is considered the most weird of all these books, but it is also the wittiest. The little digression on Jim Fakenham is one of the few instances in which even the ardent novelist despairs of a soul lost in unreality—"a quiet, inhuman machine," without even a longing, which is at least a sign of life.

I love contemplating people of this kind because the subject is so endless and so evasive. I have no certainty of what Mr. Fakenham thinks about, but I am stimulated to form unverifiable conjectures for ever. . . . He lives and he will die, and as to what he will do then, not even I dare to form conjectures of any kind. He is the strongest argument for the annihilation of the soul that I have ever met.

Evidently the artist had come freshly from "Jim" before committing him to his canvas. This suggests negatively the quality which he requires in his central figure, no matter what his faults—a capacity for reality. Even Percy had his real moments. One suspects, more than once, backgrounds to the foreground of each picture, something that must have helped imperceptibly, but surely, to lead up to the present situation, to its triumphal or disastrous issue; some forgotten good, some forgotten and unrepented evil, making for present strength or weakness, or, as in this last case, the utter neglect of all supernatural inspiration, to end in such colourlessness.

Another charge against Mgr. Benson as a novelist, is that he depreciates the priestly character, either to show up the

weak points of the clergy and teach them how they ought *not* to behave, or to prove, as in the case of *Initiation* and *The Sentimentalists* that the mere layman is likely to possess more insight, and certainly has more tact in dealing with souls, and with spiritual situations generally than the average priest. The Anglicans, too, are disgusted with his vicars and curates along other lines; truly he has dealt unfairly with the ministers of the old dispensation and with the priests of the new. Nothing, it seems to me, is so far afield of the actual truth, among all the misconceptions regarding Mgr. Benson's intentions, as this charge. If one will only take the trouble to look a little deeper, one will see that he is merely sticking to his old and fixed habit of dealing with the supernatural aspect of all life and what is in it. A priest has so much more than "tact" or any purely natural gifts; he controls, by his official character, such immense treasures; his actual powers are so far beyond and outside himself and all that belongs to this world, that these little human matters are irrelevant, although, when possible, they also can be pressed into the great service. Essentially they do not count. He, perhaps, over-accentuates this in order to impress a great fact on his readers. Certainly, to those who know the man, he is incapable of intending either rebuke or disparagement. When he means that, his methods are quite different. Besides, there is a variety of priests in his books. Father Percy Franklin, although he is a character in a prophetic novel of purely intellectual imagination, belongs to the psychological class of subject in himself, and he is easily the most dignified and holy figure in the group. One lingers over that extraordinary description of his visit to Westminster Cathedral when the process of a soul getting into a sense of the Divine Presence is literally analyzed, and the heroic struggle for the Faith is accurately recorded. This personality approaches the sublime more nearly than the author generally chooses to take his heroes.

In *The Sentimentalists* it is, after all, the idealism and fresh charity of the young priest that counts most in the ultimate conversion. "Father Dick" is truly delightful, and a fair type of the youthful Levite who does so much good by merely being what he is.

Then there is the sleepy priest in *None Other Gods*, who is so pitilessly described as overcome by his first meal after the unnatural Sunday fast, and somewhat cross; yet what quiet heroism lurks in the background of the mere fact, and how

speedily the priesthood asserts itself at the possible need of a soul, in spite of the brazen impudence of the incipient saint on the doorstep. That tremendous sense of official duty which is like a conscience within a conscience, is emphasized in each separate type. No matter what may be the natural limitations, there is always that alertness where the sacred ministry, as such, is involved; that mental habit of keeping to God's side of things where there is question of duty. Mgr. Benson, in these as in all other types, is realistic as far as his gift carries him. He paints people and things on the outside as he sees them, but he evidently expects that the underlying fact shall be equally perceptible to anyone who takes the trouble to look. In any case, idiosyncrasies are fairly divided. He describes, according to his vision, everybody who falls under the stroke of his pen. Mr. Main, one can see, is specially dear to his heart, second perhaps to none of his heroes in his affections except Frank, whom he calls "the most lovable person" he has ever known; and this is his presentment of Mr. Main:

Mr. Main was the middle-aged curate with ritualistic tendencies severely repressed. He stood now—the poor man—by the side of Mr. Tempest, the organist; for he had no voice and the least possible appreciation of music, and contented himself with turning over the music when Mr. Tempest violently bowed his head in that direction. He was a melancholy-faced man with long-pointed jaws and bald temples—all of a dusky complexion, and he was everything that the vicar was not. He had no small conversation; he had no taste; his sermons were the last word in dreariness; he could never take the lead anywhere at anything. It was indeed reported in the parish that it was only at the earnest solicitations of the Bishop that Mr. Bennett kept him at all. No one would deny Mr. Main's efforts; he was ruthlessly conscientious in visiting his district, and called upon the sick every day; he was always punctual, always patient (even when he was treated with scarcely disguised disdain by the less Christian members of the choir), and always dreary. Yet three or four people in the parish liked him particularly.

Then later, after his heroic conversion: "He was no longer in clerical clothes; he bore a faint resemblance now to a very respectable man-servant who had fallen on bad times. . . . He smiled bleakly as he took the friar's hand, and the smile disappeared instantly."

The friar, "in a very short time, learned to what type he

belonged: to the clumsy, slow, sensitive, obstinate type, whose sense of duty is their sole motive." This is not ridicule, nor satire; it is not even mere respect; it is veneration for a soul of unconscious greatness, touched into a living picture. We bow our souls to reverence Mr. Main as he passes in the long procession of the priest-novelist's heroes. But, of course, this is only a curate convert. When he wants a clerical figure of any kind, however, Mgr. Benson never hesitates to select it from any source; when imagination or memory fails, he takes the part himself as a very inferior understudy. There is a suggestion of his own little "Jim" of *Initiation* in the audacious simplicity with which he introduces his readers into all manner of religious establishments, accurately described from personal observation. We visit a Franciscan with Percy; we inspect a Carthusian cell with Algy; we are admitted to a Benedictine meal with Frank; we are permitted to be present at an interview between a Jesuit and Marion Tenterden in a parlour at Farm Street! It is all so daring and at the same time so confiding, that, really, if one does happen to recognize one's own type among the crowd of very real beings on the pages before us, one must take it in the spirit of simplicity with which it is presented, and with a wholesome sense of humour.

Certainly Mgr. Benson, who was first of all a priest and quite secondarily a writer, could have had no intention of detracting from ecclesiastical dignity or showing up apparent defects for any other purpose than to prove how little they matter essentially. Nevill's attitude towards Father Richardson before and after his "Initiation" explain the difference that the sense of the supernatural makes in the point of view; and this is the special mission of the apostolic-novel. Father Richardson was just the same person that he was before: Nevill simply saw and understood, and gave the right value to things. There is a similar example in *A Winnowing*.

Mgr. Benson has been criticized for another weakness in his craft. He is said never to have portrayed a real woman. Here again I can only repeat my first statement: souls are his one business in life; and he deals with that in humanity which is far deeper and more interesting than the mere surface differences in the masculine and feminine outlook. Still, artistically, and because as a close observer of externals, he cannot help himself, he does give admirable sketches here and there of the purely accessory feminine, and he sometimes

penetrates for our benefit the workings of her inner consciousness. Mary Weston and Marion Tenterden do not belong to this class of side-issues. They are the chief actors in their separate dramas, and it is noticeable that they both come out triumphant in the conflict of conscience. But for a feminine picture, Aunt Anna is a very subtle work of art; she can hold her own with any modern creation of the purely womanly type. There is a suggestion in her complex and delicate nature of that exquisite piece of workmanship, "Lady Castlewood" in *Esmond*. She repays study. The mother of Enid is one of those surprises which life and Mgr. Benson so often spring on one. Lady Sarah has already been noticed. The little scene in the nursery before going to Mary's clothing, is drawn with unerring skill, and Lady Sarah's mental remarks and general state of mind during the ceremony are recorded with the fidelity of photography. Yet, how very lovable Mary's benighted friend actually is! Somehow one feels that if the small thing in the nursery fails to "pass on the torch of life" by the extinction of her own little flame, her mother's big and broken, though stupid, heart may receive a torch of another kind, handed through the iron grille of the neighbouring cloister; for she is of the quality of those to whom Faith comes through pain. She has always had unreasoning hankerings after Mary in spite of everything because of something in Mary's life to which she can find no clue.

Then there is Enid. One is almost afraid she is drawn from life. No one could possibly imagine her. "In the latter days there shall be . . . men without affection." One always suspects some hidden and perhaps forgotten evil at the back of such a nature. Still she is not a mere study. She is presented as a fact. There is really no light and shade—it is all dark there.

But one of the dearest and truest types, one which we all know and recognize as strangely familiar, is the blessed middle-aged friend whom her creator left behind him as a message and a benediction on one large, unlabelled, but valuable class of women. Unconsciously to herself she is a real factor in the lay-apostolate, not in those busy lines which she has marked out for herself, but by the mere goodness of her nature which makes the things about her good also, in spite of themselves. Have we not all known some sort of Maggie Brent? Rhadamanthus and rosaries are her symbols and cir-

cumstances, but her influence reaches out to infinities from the compelling warmth of her heart: a warmth, be it noted, kindled by the supernatural fire burning in her own innocent soul, not just mere ordinary heartiness, and reaching out to spiritual issues quite beyond her humble dreams. Marion, as a woman, is not interesting; she seems to be just a conscience and only that, as far as the story goes; but in that capacity she is absorbing. Maggie is alive, however; we can hear the loose rosary beads running about her bureau drawers even after she has gone, so vivid is the memory of her presence. And one sees how truly she was a living actual grace to her friend, who, sitting in the deserted room among the scattered emblems of Maggie's technical mission in life, at last responds to her winning influence.

A very important circumstance in *None Other Gods* is Jenny. Jenny does live here in England, and indeed wherever such types find a world to thrive in. She is not presented as a heroine; she is just a sane, sensible, handsome girl, perfectly well-bred, and never, under any conditions, stupid. She is sketched in firm, dignified lines, and we must find out for ourselves whether she is a very distinguished young lady, or a pitiable mean and sordid soul. In spite of all her sweet reasonableness, however, Jenny has one really bad, unreasoning, disturbing night, witnessed only by the small dog, Lama, who, like all Mgr. Benson's animals, is a work of art. If there is such a thing as the psychology of domestic animals, he understands it thoroughly. We are permitted to see as much of Jenny's little soul-storm as Lama sees, though from another point of view of course, and at the same time somewhat distracted by the conduct of the solitary little witness of his mistress' agitation. Jenny belongs, however, to the large group of mere accessories to the chief interest of the drama in hand. And it must be confessed that this class of character is common in these books. If such side-issues, however, do not occupy a prominent place in themselves, they add immensely to the entertainment of the reader, who could hardly bear the strain of the intense reality of the story, without occasional excursions among the surfaces of life, which the author presents with such unerring judgment, because he understands so well their relative values. It is in these details which do not seem to matter, that Mgr. Benson shows the acute power of observation which would have made a great novelist of him even if

he had not been also a mystic. Take this bit about Val's sister May, a very insignificant young person in herself, but contributing incidentally to the anguish of the situation.

. . . . She was fundamentally unimaginative as her mother. Sentiment took the place of imagination on the top; and this lack of imagination sometimes made her feel unduly hard on Val; and sometimes obscured the malice of his crime. The result of the whole was that she had certainly drifted a good way apart from Val during these last months; since a boy is naturally intolerant of capriciousness, and May had seemed to Val distinctly capricious. There had been moments when he had leapt, so to speak, at her kindly moods; established, as he thought, an understanding one evening; and the next morning had found her with the blinds drawn down over her friendliness and a façade of cold dignity presented to him.

This is one of those many instances of close discernment which in any case would have made Mgr. Benson an effective novelist. There is a whole volume of tragedy in that paragraph; to come up against sentiment without imagination is an agony unique in its way. Yet no one has ever before put it into words. This discrimination between the imaginative faculty and sentiment is an astonishing piece of insight in an Englishman; in the average Briton, sentiment is usually much more in evidence than imagination. But Mgr. Benson is cosmopolitan when he treats of human nature as such. His character-portraits, however, are entirely English. I hardly think he was capable, clever and observant as he was, of giving a true outer or inner picture of men and women of any other nationality than his own; as far down, at least, as that stratum of a being where there is just the Soul with a capital S; where moods and tendencies and outside ways of acting and surface ways of thinking no longer count.

He may have recognized this limitation himself as he never attempted to make a serious study of any specimen of human nature outside his actual experience or beyond the reach of genuine imagination.

He has one rather annoying technical defect. His names are repeated in different books in a very confusing way. There are several Algys, several Marys, Jennys, Gerties and Marions; Jims, Jacks, and Dicks are scattered about everywhere; this is a little puzzling when a name has come to mean something very definite. He even repeats surnames, as in the case of two Father Franklins; the two Percys create a

strange conflict of thought. This fault, however, is one which he shares with Shakespeare and other prolific writers; even Dickens, who excelled in the curious suggestiveness of his surnames, is careless in his repetition of Christian names, as in the case, for instance, of Arthur Clennam and Arthur Gryce. Such teeming imaginations, however, are too full of people to be over-careful of their mere labels.

It was said long before Mgr. Benson began to write fiction, that only a priest could be a true novelist, because he alone has the authority and opportunity to penetrate the depths where lie the roots and motives of action. But this very fact would naturally produce reticence and a sense of the extreme daring and possible danger of such a venture. It took a singularly child-like soul to waive all risk or perhaps to be unaware of it, and in the simplicity of his heart to launch into the reading world a perfectly new form of literature, with a rapidity which hardly gave one time to get over one surprise at the consummate daring of the thing before another was presented in that "shrill" purple which was always recognized with a thrill of expectation. One remembers all this now with a pang, knowing that the old familiar thrill can never come again. It is true, none the less, that these books hold something imperishable, something immortal in the highest sense; they are classics of a new kind and meaning, which will stand the wear and tear of time and change, because there is in each a quality of thought that reaches out beyond vicissitude; they deal fundamentally with what is eternal and infinite.

There may be at times a lack of restraint, an exaggeration in the non-essential, here and there; often, perhaps, in the rush of overwhelming thoughts, a want of constructive balance; his sense of humour may at times run away with his discretion; his love for the out-of-doors and his understanding liking for the brute creation may delay the story too long for us, while he is merely taking breath; it must be confessed that there is a certain sense of haste about his work, however deliberate the underlying thought, just as in his sermons; but so lovable and trustworthy is the man himself behind it all, that dipping his faults in our affections, we must perforce convert even his gyves to graces. His value to those who receive his message as he transmits it, lies in the fact that he translates the *realities* into terms of human conduct. It is almost fatal to take up one of these novels

to verify a quotation, or to illustrate a remark. One gets lost in the book and forgets time by the clock, and then tries to come to the practical conclusion that an hour of the precious day is lost. The unreal platitude is crushed by the conviction that it is very stimulating spiritual reading after all. That this was the author's chief object becomes more and more evident as one goes back to pages, read at first with an immense curiosity, now with a more enlightened satisfaction,—an enlightenment that came first of all, perhaps, from the novelist himself. And this will be—is now, indeed,—one of his chief merits in the unsparing energy of that "crowded hour of glorious life" which ended all too soon.

M. I.

NONDUM¹

"Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself."—Is. xlv. 15.

GOD, though to Thee our psalm we raise
No answering voice comes from the skies;
To Thee the trembling sinner prays
But no forgiving voice replies;
Our prayer seems lost in desert ways,
Our hymn in the vast silence dies.

We see the glories of the earth
But not the hand that wrought them all;
Night to a myriad worlds gives birth,
Yet like a lighted empty hall
Where stands no host at door or hearth
Vacant creation's lamps appal.

We guess; we clothe Thee, unseen King,
With attributes we deem are meet;
Each in his own imagining
Sets up a shadow in Thy seat;
Yet know not how our gifts to bring,
Where seek Thee with unsandalled feet.

¹ The above verses, dated 1866, were found in a second-hand classical book, lately purchased in Dublin. They are in the handwriting of the late Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J., and on the inner evidence of style may perhaps be attributed to his composition.

And still th' unbroken silence broods
While ages and while æons run,
As erst upon chaotic floods
The Spirit hovered ere the sun
Had called the seasons' changeful moods
And life's first germs from death had won.

And still th' abysses infinite
Surround the peak from which we gaze.
Deep calls to deep, and blackest night
Giddies the soul with blinding daze
That dares to cast its searching sight
On being's dread and vacant maze.

And Thou art silent, whilst Thy world
Contentends about its many creeds,
And hosts confront with flags unfurled,
And zeal is flushed and pity bleeds,
And truth is heard, with tears impearled,
A moaning voice among the reeds.

My hand upon my lips I lay;
The breast's desponding sob I quell;
I move along life's tomb-decked way,
And listen to the passing bell
Summoning men from speechless day
To death's more silent, darker spell.

Oh! till Thou givest that sense beyond,
To shew Thee that Thou art, and near,
Let patience with her chastening wand
Dispel the doubt and dry the tear;
And lead me childlike by the hand
If still in darkness not in fear.

Speak! whisper to my watching heart
One word—as when a mother speaks
Soft, when she sees her infant start,
Till dimpled joy steals o'er its cheeks.
Then, to behold Thee as Thou art,
I'll wait till morn eternal breaks.

THE RETURN OF THE KÉPIS

LA Grandmère Luchon was old. She had lived her life amongst the mountains, where the tall pine-trees, and the steep slopes, and the dropping streams, make a shut-in little world of their own. She remembered '70. That is of course; everyone near the frontiers remembers '70, either for themselves, or by deputy, in the person of a grandmother, or some such relation. She had seen the last of the *képis* then (her husband had worn one to his death), and she remembered all about that time much more clearly than she did the things that had happened a year or two ago. But for many a long day she did not talk much about it, only brooded over it in her mind as she sat at her knitting, or watched the cows at pasture.

For, do you see, as la grandmère Luchon said, there had been a misfortune in her family. Alphonse had always been a good son, a very good son, but in the all-important matter of his marriage he had been rather wilful and provoking. To his mother's unspeakable disgust, he had insisted on bringing home a plump, fair-haired Baden girl, as his wife. Madame Luchon—Frau Luchon I mean—could not stand out against him. Were they not all German subjects now, he pleaded, and the "dot" was quite satisfactory? There is no use in making a fuss about what can't be helped, and Madame Luchon was a sensible woman. So she let him bring the German girl home, and made the best of it. But in her soul she thought it a dreadful *mésalliance*, and Trudchen of Baden knew that she thought so, by instinct, and felt quietly resentful.

So German became the usual language of the family. That was one thing hard to be borne. Then children came, and as la grandmère saw them grow, she felt that only now was she realizing all the disadvantages of the match. For they were square-built, flaxen-haired creatures, like their mother's people, and bearing, to the grandmother's disappointed eyes, the stamp of stolidity and stupidity all over them. Their increase in breadth equalled their progress in length, and the only thing about them that a grandmother could boast of to the neighbours, was the heartiness of their appetites. Now, la grandmère, like a true Frenchwoman, looked on large appe-

tites as rather disgusting things, so one must admit that the grandchildren left something to be desired. The first ones, that is to say. Afterwards there was Michel.

No one could deny that Michel was satisfactory. He was dark-eyed, slender-limbed, and brown-skinned. He was a preternaturally intelligent baby, even from the day of his birth, and disconcerted his Teutonic mother's sense of the fitness of things, by sitting bolt upright, and noticing all that went on around him, before he was a month old. That filled his French grandmother's soul with pride.

"Thou wast so, thyself, precisely so, at three weeks," she assured Alphonse, and she perceived, with secret satisfaction, that he found his dark-eyed son more interesting than the other children, and took most notice of him.

But after awhile trouble came, and Alphonse fell ill. He got chilled, one snowy winter night, stumbling amongst the drifts on the way from the village. Then pneumonia set in, and in his sickness, his mother's rather starved heart came by its own again. When he was feeble and half-conscious the later-learned language did not come readily to his lips—he went back to his mother-tongue, and *ma mère* was what he said oftenest. The fair-haired wife stood by, almost as a spectator, while his mother went down with him to the very edge of the grave.

When the last prayers had been said, and the funeral was over, and a black, wooden cross, ornamented with beautiful white celluloid tears, (Trudchen spared no expense, as his mother readily admitted), was all that reminded the children of their father, a new life began for la grandmère. Her prayers for Alphonse, and the elaborate illumination of his grave on the *Jour des Morts*, was perhaps the *very* centre of her life, but all the rest of it was filled by little Michel.

His mother was busy with a younger child now, and with the care of the farm, and gladly left him on his grandmother's hands. He had always been a perplexity, with his great, dark eyes, and his precocious intelligence, and his father's preference for him had been rather a vexation too. It was very convenient to turn him over chiefly to his grandmother.

So it came about, that at six years old Michel spoke French quite as readily as he did German, and preferred to use it when he could, whereas his brothers and sisters could only stammer an odd word or two, with an accent that tortured their grandmother's ears. And Michel knew all his grand-

mother's stories, he could almost say them by heart in fact. Best of all, was the tale of the wounded French soldier, and she had desired him not to talk of that one, so it had a double charm as secret and as romance. When la grandmère sat under the shelter of the woods, watching the cows at pasture, Michel would steal away from the others and their play, and, resting his dark, closely-cropped little head against her knees, would say:

"*Dites donc—grandmère. Le soldat blessé, je te prie.*"

He knew every stage of the adventure—how his father had been a little boy then, and how the kindly French soldier had played with and been kind to him, through the long weeks when la grandmère sheltered and hid the wounded man, and nursed him back to life. The really dramatic part came, when the Prussians searched the house, and broke la grandmère's gilt clock, and drank up her little store of wine—*joliment grisé*, every man of them—and frightened her out of her wits, but never found out the *cuirassier* with the shattered leg, who lay *perdu*. But best of all was the ending, when la grandmère received a long letter of gratitude from the *cuirassier's* wife (he was a vicomte it seemed), and from himself a beautiful gold watch, with an inscription recording his eternal *reconnaissance*. That was after the war. The watch was kept locked in la grandmère's great oak chest. Once Michel had seen it, but he was told not to talk about it to the others. When you live under German rule there is no use in blazoning abroad that you have helped her enemies. La grandmère was a prudent old lady. When the story came to an end Michel liked to dance for joy and to cry *Vive la France*, but la grandmère gave him strict injunctions never to let anyone but herself hear that.

As Michel entered on his seventh year, troubled times began. Trudchen came back from the village worried and perplexed, on market-day. Everyone was talking of war, it seemed, and the men were going off in obedience to the mobilization order. There was excitement and scandal, moreover, for several of the villagers, getting wind of what was coming, had fled over the borders; to fight for France, it might be supposed. And there was a tale of another who had started on that journey a little too late, and been caught on the way. Well—there could be only one ending to that.

"Shot?" La grandmère's eyes asked the question, almost before her lips did, and when Trudchen nodded in awed

admission, she set her wrinkled old face, and went up the hillside to the Calvary amongst the pines, to say a *De Profundis* for his soul.

"He died well, that one, *mon fils*," she told Michel. "Pray the good God you may have no worse ending. He will have *bon accueil* from Our Lady and all the Saints."

As the days went on, Trudchen grew restless. Their little dorf lay off the track of the contending armies, luckily for them, but stray bodies of troops might find them out. She wished to go over into Baden, to her own people, and to take the children, but la grandmère would not stir, and indeed it was not easy to leave the farm quite to itself. In the end it was arranged that she should stay, and keep Michel with her for company. There really did not seem to be any danger, and both women felt that life would be easier apart, for awhile. So la grandmère and Michel found themselves alone together, and very well content to be so.

Michel did not know how long it was after that, when the *képis* appeared. He and la grandmère talked so much of them and of *la France*, and said the Rosary so often for their intention, that they were constantly in his mind, and he was hardly surprised when they turned up at last.

He was gathering fir cones in the woods one pleasant autumn day, and was standing in delighted contemplation of a splendid crimson toadstool, that rose jewel-like, out of the green velvet moss, when a trampling of feet made him look up. Down the hillside came a little troop of men, swinging along with quick steps, among the pine stems, slipping about on the dry moss and the fir needles. Blue coats, red trousers, and slouched *képis* with the red touch. There was no mistaking them. Michel knew what to do. He stood up at once, stiffly, at the salute, and cried "*Vive la France*." Very small he looked under the tall pines. In a moment they were all round him. One oldish man, with a beard, kissed him, which hurt Michel's dignity a little, but the officer in command made up for it. He returned the salute quite correctly, and when they began to talk, he called Michel *Monsieur*. It was thrilling.

He asked a good many questions about the roads and the neighbours, and then put his hand on Michel's head, and said,

"Adieu then, Monsieur."

"Oh, not yet," cried Michel.

"But yes, we have come a good way, my men and I, and we must go farther yet before night. What, Monsieur, you don't let go my hand. Where then? To see the grandmother? Nay. I think better not, *mon ami*."

But with the Frenchman's ingrained instinct to go where a child leads, and to do what a child asks, he was letting himself be pulled forward a step or two, when la grandmère came in sight, looking for Michel and knitting as she went.

"Eh, *mon Dieu*," she cried. "It is the *képis* come back again. *Dieu soit loué*," and la grandmère melted into tears. Michel felt overawed. He had never seen her weep before, except when his father died, and he scarcely remembered that. The coming of the *képis* did not seem to be altogether a joyful affair. But she did not weep long.

"It is necessary to eat," said la grandmère, with decision, leading the way to the cottage. But the officer demurred. It might get her into trouble, and they had their emergency rations.

Trouble? La grandmère scorned the notion. No one could possibly know who went or came at her lonely home. There was no one about, but herself and Michel. No one ever did come there. The *pot au feu* was ready. Fresh coffee had been ground an hour since. The invitation was irresistible to hungry and tired men. They had gained an hour on their time, trotting down the mountain slopes, why not profit by this lucky chance?

Soon Michel was carrying plates and cups and helping to wait on the guests. How respectful they were to la grandmère, praising her cooking and calling her Madame every moment. The young officer of the little reconnoitring party laid his sword across his knees, and standing by him Michel touched its sheath, from time to time, with one timid finger, and tasted perfect felicity.

"Thou too wilt be a soldier of France some day, little one," they said to him.

But they ate in haste.

"Madame's hospitality must not make us linger too long. What hour is it, Gaston?" asked the officer. Then he explained. "A bullet from a Bosche rifle smashed my watch last week. But one must not complain. Had it not been for the watch, *sans doute* the bullet would have found my heart, and one can spare the watch best of the two, eh, little one?"

"Monsieur is then without a watch?"

"For the moment yes, Madame. Gaston here is time-keeper for our party."

La grandmère rose up. "There is a watch here," she said, "that Monsieur shall have. It is good—one of the best—*attendez*," and she disappeared. Michael gasped. THE watch, the watch of the *cuirassier*, was la grandmère really going to part with that? Back she came, with it in her hand.

"A soldier of France, who thought I had done him some service, gave me this watch, once upon a time, Monsieur. It shall go to serve France now, if Monsieur will accept it."

How stately la grandmère could be.

"Impossible, Madame," said the officer, but she would take no denial. Such a grand gold watch, with fine engraving on the covers, old-fashioned certainly, but a very handsome one, nevertheless.

"Here is the key also—Monsieur must wind it up at the back."

To content her, he turned it over and opened it. There was the inscription, plain to be seen. "In eternal gratitude, from Armande de Fleury."

"Armande de Fleury," read the officer—and then he looked at la grandmère, and his face changed. "Then, Madame, I have heard of you. It was my father who gave you this, and he has often told me how you saved him. He goes lame ever since, and cannot serve, but he lives to feel gratitude to you still."

La grandmère's hand was at her heart. When one is old it is hard to bear even pleasant things sometimes.

"I thought the face of Monsieur was not altogether strange," she said. "*C'est bien*. The watch belongs to Monsieur by right."

And so it ended. Monsieur de Fleury pulled out a rosary with a beautifully-carved silver crucifix, all fine and delicate, a fragile thing. The chain fell in a tiny heap in the palm of her hand.

"My mother gave me this when I left for the front, Madame. If I take the watch she would ask you to keep this. Use it when you say a prayer for *la France* and her soldiers."

He was as stately as la grandmère herself, and he bent and kissed her work-worn hand. Then he patted Michel on the head, and the whole company felt emotional, as the *képis* shouldered their muskets, and went tramping up the mountain path.

"They will return again, and in victory. But do not tell anyone that thou hast seen them, *mon ange*. It might lead to their death. Remember that," said la grandmère.

The very next day, the fat Herr Ober-Inspector, from the village, came puffing and panting up to the Luchon's cottage. And he did not come alone. With him was a little squad of stiffly-moving, uniformed figures—Prussian soldiers.

There was a report that the French had been reconnoitring the country—that a small body of them had gone near, at all events, to the Luchon cottage. Now the Herr Ober-Inspector must get to the bottom of that, and since he was fat and lazy and good-natured, some soldiers from the nearest German garrison had come with him, to see that his investigations were properly conducted. The Herr Ober-Inspector might be influenced by sentimental considerations, he might be reluctant to bring sufficient pressure to bear—in a word, the affair must be thoroughly looked into.

La grandmère was alone when they came.

"No, she had seen nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing. What should a poor old woman who had the cows to see to, and the work of the house on her shoulders, know of soldiers?"

She noted silently that they did not call her Madame, these ones, not at all; in speaking to each other they said "old witch." The officer sat down, uninvited, in her best chair, leaving her to stand and answer his questions. He pushed back the chair against one of her largest earthenware pots, and broke it, whereupon he cursed her for leaving it there, instead of apologizing. These, la grandmère noted, were not the manners of her previous guests.

The great hope of her heart was, that Michel might not come in. He was out in the woods.

But, alas, the hour of *goûter* was drawing near, and Michel's appetite, though not large, was a good clock. Just as she really thought they would go, having consumed everything drinkable on the premises, there was a step on the threshold, and Michel's small face peeped in at the open door. No time to make a sign to him, no time even to think of what would come next.

Then a heavy hand was on Michel's shoulder. He was pulled into the room, and questioned, sharply and threateningly. The good-natured Herr Ober-Inspector interfered.

"The boy is frightened," he said. Then to Michel: "Just

tell us where you saw the Frenchmen go, little one," he said. "That's easy, *nicht wahr*? No one will harm you."

Michel looked right and left, at the stern-faced men who looked angry, at his grandmother's white face. He did not understand, but he knew what he had been told.

"I will not tell. No, I will not tell," he said, and struggled fiercely under the heavy hand.

"Ah ha. He knows something then. See—old woman, you tell us what you know, or—," and there was a revolver at Michel's head. Its cold mouth pressed against his ear, and hurt, but he only struggled the harder. La grandmère was on her feet now, her face was terrible to see.

"Michel, *mon ange*," she began, and God knows, she herself does not, what she would have said next. But Michel made a sudden plunge, freed himself and darted for the door. Some queer little impulse of exhilaration at the release must have taken him, for as he ran, his shrill voice rang out. "*Vive la France*." Then there was the sound of a shot, hardly an intentional one, rather an impulse of temper at the unexpected opposition, perhaps meant more to frighten than to hurt.

And then there was a little huddled heap, by the door, that fell, and lay suddenly still.

Verily Michel, too, had *bon accueil*, from Our Lady and all the Saints.

So the inquiry ended. The Prussians marched down the hill again, and there was little talk by the way. They avoided each other's eyes as they went, and tried not to see how the tears were running down the Herr Ober-Inspector's nose. There is no morality to be observed in war-time of course, but —

And now la grandmère says her *De Profundis* for another son of France, who died well. She who cried at sight of the *képis* shed very few tears for Michel. But she is content to know that where he is gone, she too will follow him before long.

HELEN GRIERSON.

THE APPELLANT CONTROVERSY

IV. THE CASE AT ROME.

IT must always be remembered that the proceedings we are studying are primarily not judicial but legislative. The conflict had begun over the question of what form of constitution was best fitted for the times; and though, as the controversy grew hot, personal faults were decried so loudly that everything seemed to turn upon them; now, as the protagonists were going abroad into a calmer atmosphere, the mutual recriminations subside to some extent, while the legislative importance of the debate becomes clearer. It is important to mark this distinction at once, because, while we must necessarily use terms such as appeal, trial, &c., which are apt to suggest purely judicial proceedings, the means taken to arrive at a settlement were exceedingly ill-suited to judicial deliberation. We now plunge into the vortex of politics, into questions of Gallicanism, and the like, and find that almost everything turns upon them, while no more was actually done to judge or rectify the wrongs once so loudly complained of, except to renew the findings of the brief of August, 1601. The primary object aimed at is to decide whether the institution of Archpriests is to be changed or not.

This consideration will further help to explain the sort of ferment which we shall find everywhere burning beneath the surface until the settlement comes. The discussion and settlement of matters of public policy is always attended with a heat, which would generally be scandalous in judicial proceedings, and which is at least always surprising when we compare it with the calmness of ordinary life. How different the usual placid life of the English country town or village, from the excitement that prevails before and during a well-contested election. Some form of public discussion and election, we know, there must be in every healthy body politic. There must be Papal elections, monastic, conventual and ecclesiastical chapters, and (human nature being constituted as it is), there will be in each of these some flame of excitement, some outburst of party feeling; while frequently, when the discussion is prolonged and the interests great, even dignified Cardinals, and holy nuns will be carried away for the

moment by a hitherto unexpected paroxysm of passion. To cut off all outlet for such feelings would need an immense external pressure, under which our natural powers of election would fail to work freely. So in what will follow, some expressions of hot feeling, some scheming, sharp practice and intriguing are decidedly to be expected.

It has already been shown that, very slow and difficult though communication was between England and Rome in those days, the Holy See had begun to address herself to the appeal at least as early as February, 1601, when the Nuncio in Flanders commissioned the Assistants to report to him on the whole situation. This they did on May 12th, before the outbreak of the War of Books, and the open alliance with the persecutors, and their report shows (I think) that they had never seen Blackwell's infelicitous "edicts," which were the true cause of the present trouble. Their letter, therefore, in spite of various merits, was quite insufficient as a base for a judicial settlement, and the entire silence of the brief of August 17, 1601 (when it came), as to the important events since November, 1600, shows clearly that the Holy Father did not at all appreciate the actual situation at the time he wrote, though he laid down with perfect accuracy the principles on which a final settlement must and would be effected.

Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that Blackwell, though of course he ought to have published the brief as soon as he received it (October, 1601), should have hesitated to do so, not only from our common propensity to put off a disagreeable duty (for the brief hit him hard), but also (as we may suppose) because he had reason to think that a more severe judgment on the recent misdeeds of his adversaries would not be far off. He had already denounced their very objectionable books to the Inquisition, and he might well have expected that a condemnation of them and of the league with the persecutors would come from Rome soon; and in effect we find that a brief such as he would have wished, was really drafted and discussed in Rome before the end of the year. If that counterstroke had arrived in time, it would have eased very materially the reprimand in brief of August. So he waited on till the end of the year.

In the meantime the Appellants had crossed to France, and Mush was in Paris before November (N.S.). On the 6th of that month, Mgr. del Buffalo, the Nuncio, sent news to the

Pope that the Appellants were doing no little harm to his, the Nuncio's, endeavours to obtain a recall of the Jesuits, who, it will be remembered, had been banished from Paris in consequence of the denunciation of Arnault in 1594. To obviate the Appellants' ill offices, the Nuncio sent for Mush, and read him that part of the new brief, which forbade the appeal; but Mush demurred, and asked time to consult his friends.

Having read del Buffalo's dispatch thus far, the Pope made this note on the margin: "Let the Nuncio use all possible dexterity to disabuse them, and alter their resolution." This order was in the Nuncio's hands by December 3rd, and he answered that he would do his best.

Meanwhile the rest of the Appellant party had gone round to the Nuncio in Belgium, who was then at Nieupoort, and also did his best to stay them but in vain. He was, however, extremely kind; offered to hear the appeal himself (for which he had received powers), and wrote to Blackwell in this sense, adding that all censures should be suspended now that the appeal had begun.

Thence the party went to Douay, where Dr. Worthington, the new President, entertained them hospitably. He also endeavoured to dissuade the journey to Rome, reading to them the late brief, which they were not at all anxious to hear. Worthington afterwards (December 18th) wrote a rather amusing account of the visit. Bagshaw, he says, always wanted a full half of the conversation in the common-room, while Bluet, when present, took it all.

Still they eventually won Worthington round, and he promised to write to Rome, and beg they might have a fair hearing; and not long afterwards, having got to Paris, they similarly prevailed with the Nuncio. So he too wrote (January 6, 1602), recommending the Pope to settle the appeal himself, and as soon as might be. The decisive reason for this change on the Nuncio's part would have been that the French King had already taken them under his protection, Villeroy's passport for them being dated the same day.

The passport states frankly that this is done because of Henri's jealousy of Spain. The priests have come to complain that, at the suit of the Jesuits, authority over them has been given to Blackwell in order to favour the intrigues (*meneés*) of the Spaniards. In reality, the French Government was not as yet free from suspicion as to the honesty of their *protégés*, de Béthune in Rome being instructed to

drop the men at once, if they turned out to be unworthy of the French King's support. But the hope of injuring Spain overcame all hesitation. In Paris, as in London, the outcry of "Pro-Spaniard" against Archpriest government was found to be at once effective.

We do not know through whom the all-important favour of France for the Appellant side was won. But it seems fairly clear that the prime mover in the intrigue was Dr. John Cecil, who was now taken into the band destined for Rome; and, partly because he alone had the title of Doctor of Theology, and real facility in French, he henceforth assumes the precedence, though "honest John Mush," by reason of his seniority and straightforwardness, retained the real leadership, which Dr. Bagshaw had to abandon when he remained at Paris to act as agent there. We do not know why he stopped. Perhaps he was not strong enough for the journey. In any case his quarrelsome tongue was more safely left far in the rear. But before we follow the party, thus remodelled, on their way, we must pause to scrutinize John Cecil's character more deeply, for in truth he had had a very dishonourable past, of which his companions knew little or nothing, and as he now becomes to a great extent their secretary and prolocutor, we must also ask ourselves how far the distrust, which we cannot but feel for the man, should extend itself to the evidence that comes to us on his authority. Quite a long chapter might be written about his still unpublished adventures, but for the present the chief events will suffice.

Born in the neighbourhood of Worcester, of humble, perhaps Catholic parents, he obtained means to go to Oxford, and was educated at Trinity College. Converted in 1583, he went over to the seminaries of Rheims and Rome, where, however, he began to relent, and when he had completed his course, Allen was afraid to send him to England, but retained him *honoris specie*, as Latin secretary. In 1589 he was sent to Spain, where he appeared to improve, preaching with feeling, as it seemed, in favour of the new English seminaries then being founded there. Under these circumstances he was sent to the English Mission, but immediately gave himself up to Lord Burghley, with large offers of service. The veteran persecutor, in reply, bade him set down evidence sufficient to condemn to the appalling death of traitors his friends and companions, the priests who had come to the Mission

with him. Cecil at first held back, and made many specious protests; but when Lord Burghley pressed, he yielded, and gave the evidence required, which is still extant. He was then trusted so far as to be sent out as a spy on Catholics abroad, especially on the Scotch. Some account of his intrigues there and in Spain between 1592 and 1595 will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, whence it is but too clear that he was simulating the role of a zealous priest in Scotland in order to countervail the suspicions of treachery already rife against him, because of his dealings with Lord Burghley. *Perhaps* we should even infer that he was acting as minister of the sacraments to the very men whom he was betraying (perhaps even luring on) to death and ruin. If this was done in cold blood, nothing could be more horrible: it would be a crime without parallel in our Catholic history. But this hypothetical conclusion is not certain. Even though the gallant laird of Fintry, the most zealous among the Scotch Catholic nobles, was in fact captured and executed not long after the date of Cecil's pretended missionary visit, it does not follow that Cecil was the traitor. There were many other villains in the game, to whom the worst treacheries were quite congenial, while to Cecil they certainly were not. All that we can say is, whatever Cecil's ambitious intentions really were, he was degraded by the men to whom he offered his services, by being employed in the most sordid conceivable treachery, though we cannot say yet whether his part in these treacheries was effective.

The truth is that Cecil had offered himself to Lord Burghley with the intention, not of destroying the Church, but in order to reconstitute it in a manner that might (he thought) be tolerated. He was a refined, intellectual man; he hated bloodshed, had anticipated the ideas of the Appellants on toleration, and had gone much further than they. His idea was to bring the whole English Church to such subjection, that even Elizabeth might suffer it to exist. The seminaries, for instance, were to be in England, but under the completest State-control. Priests, too, might remain, if in an association of his regulation. Allen and Persons were to be cast off, and (though he does not say so in so many words) he himself was to be the Patriarch of a re-modelled Catholicism. The Elizabethans were men of the freest imaginations, and Cecil's conceptions were of the most far-fetched. Yet they were not quite infamous in this sense, that the Church can co-

exist with much miserable servitude, and Elizabeth was not altogether inaccessible to feelings of mercy. Supposing it clear that Catholicism was going to die out in time, she might, in her "clemency," have allowed it to wither up in peace. But John Cecil, not having strong instincts of honesty and honour, did not see the principles to which the Church was bound; and so he submitted (though under protest) to the horrible conditions imposed by the persecutors of which we have heard, in hopes of thereby obtaining a good end, the preservation of Catholicism.

This state of things could not continue. He became suspect to many: first to Allen, then to Persons, Garnet and others, though no one knew quite enough to convict him of his crimes. About the time of which we are writing Henry Saunders, an English traveller, wrote to Sir Robert Cecil: "Dr. Cecil is . . . a man generally distrusted and suspected of Catholics. . . . If I were such as he, I would turn Protestant sure; for there is never a Catholic on that side the seas, that can trust him." That is what most people even now will feel as they read his adventures. In fact, however, he never seems to waver in essentials.

The result of all this suspicion against him was that he had to abandon his old haunts in Rome and Madrid, and to make (in 1597) a new start at Paris among men of somewhat doubtful orthodoxy, who had gathered round Henri IV. at the close of the Wars of Religion. In this atmosphere our adventurer eventually made himself at home. He lived down his old disrepute, and aided probably by the opportunity offered by the Appellant mission, he acquired some notice at Court, obtained a chaplaincy and a good benefice; made his peace with the Jesuits and with the never-to-be-forgiven Father Persons; and finally died at a good old age in 1626.

We must now address ourselves to the question, What of the employment by the Appellants of such a man in a post of the highest trust? If they did so, knowing the worst, then surely they should utterly lose caste in our eyes. But no one on the Catholic side then knew the worst, which has only come to light with the modern "opening of the archives." We cannot, indeed, after hearing Henry Saunders' statement, *assume* that the Appellants were quite blameless for trusting him; but, as they had only recently come from England, they may not have yet had serious cause for suspicion; and Cecil would have had many letters to show in his favour.

Persons himself, for instance, had lately written to engage his services on the side of peace; and the Appellants would have been very prone to argue, if Persons could trust him, why should not they? It is also very important to note that when, after the Appeal, a striking example of Cecil's insincerity came to light, Bagshaw protested with warmth, that "he wished Dr. Cecil had never had a finger in their cause." Taking everything into consideration we may say that no serious loss of credit necessarily accrues to the Appellants for having taken Cecil into their councils.

Then what of the reliability of his evidence? It is true that wherever we find parallel accounts from Cecil and from the honest Mush, we soon notice the vainglorious exaggerations, and petty deceptions, which slip habitually from Cecil's pen. But I have not noticed any which lead utterly wrong. One must be much on one's guard certainly, but it is worth while to hear him out. If in this case one were to rule out altogether all tainted evidence, there would indeed be little left; but if we bear in mind the due correctives, we may learn a good deal from this very well-informed witness.

Despite the winter-time the Appellants reached Rome in five weeks, arriving on February 14, 1602. They were at first in some fear of the same fate as had befallen Bishop and Charnock in 1598, the prohibition of their coming to Rome not having been as yet publicly retracted. They therefore cautiously sent away their papers to the Abbey of *San Poalo fuori delle mure*. But next day the French ambassador sent to assure them of his protection, and from thenceforward became their chief patron and promoter of their cause. The directive power he assumed was very thorough. He at once issued a general order that no papers should be given in, even to the Pope, until he had revised and passed them. He arranged with the Pope for their audiences, prepared His Holiness' mind for favours to be won, or when things went wrong, he boldly exerted himself to change an adverse into a favourable answer. Nor did he restrict himself to mere matters of law and proceedings in court. Spiritual matters also must be ordered at his command. What spiritual duty more important at such a time than readiness for peace? But he had ordered from the first that there was to be no peace with Father Persons, and no peace was made even at the end, hard though the Pope himself strove to arrange it.

It is hardly necessary to add that all this care was taken in accordance with orders from France, and in order to promote French interests. The magnificent charities of the Spanish King towards the English Catholics had naturally awakened in them a strong feeling of gratitude and attachment to their only strong and generous friend; and this caused the French envoy no little envy and irritation. In acting against the Archpriest and the Jesuits, de Béthune felt that he had his opportunity of thwarting a work in which the Spaniards were known to be interested, which they had supported with their usual generosity. What a triumph for de Béthune, if the Pope himself were to humble the Archpriest and his supporters at the request of the friends of France! The Abbé Courzard, writing with the ambassador's papers before him, says quite plainly, "Le point principal était de ruiner par la base, et si c'est possible par les mains mêmes de Pope, l'influence espagnole, parmi les catholiques anglais."

In a better world than this one might no doubt have expected that "the principal point" of those acting for the much-trying Catholics of *this* country would have been *their* interests. But in de Béthune, a professional politician, who had but lately "rallied" from the Huguenot side, such narrow nationalism as the above can cause no wonder; especially as we hear that even French Jesuits at Rome (persecuted though they had been by Henri IV.'s Government), were *passionés* (so de Béthune says) on the side of their King, "and they keep writing me letters quite full of information and advice . . . which I turn to excellent purpose." With these French Jesuit supporters of de Béthune we may also take note of the Scotch Jesuits, especially Father William Crichton, always "a forward man for his king," and by consequence favourable to the Appellants and hostile to Persons, because he, as most other Englishmen, was slow to worship the rising sun of Scotland. Several still extant letters of Crichton to the General of the Jesuits enabled Aquaviva to hear both sides of the quarrel clearly. But, as the worthy Scotchman had no inner knowledge of the dispute, his information is not such as to command much attention.

Otherwise public opinion, both in the Curia and among the Romans at large, was averse to the Franco-Appellant alliance. So much so that Dr. Cecil says with emphasis, "Not one other friend had they [the Appellants], but the ambassador"; and notwithstanding Cecil's constant exaggerations,

it is certain that his words here convey an important truth. In reality, however, there was always, as among the Jesuits, so among the Cardinals, a minority sufficient to make their voices heard quite distinctly. On the other hand, the Archpriest did not gain very much by the support of Father Persons, for the Jesuits were then out of favour in the Pope's eyes. The celebrated debates, *De Auxiliis Gratiae*, were in full course, and the Pope made little secret that his personal preference was for the side opposed to the Society. The preponderance of numbers in the Archpriest's favour, therefore, was not at this time a pledge that his side would eventually succeed.

Yet another source of division remains to be mentioned, and in many ways it is the most important of all. The line of cleavage between the two English parties was parallel, sometimes identical with the battle line between French and Spanish ideas on Church government. For though Spain had fallen almost as low as England or France in accepting royal despotism, she still maintained almost intact the old Church liberties, which had been wholly overthrown in England, and were grievously reduced in France under the restrictions euphemistically known by the name of the Gallican Liberties. De Béthune and the Appellants lent to the Gallican side, assuming it as axiomatic that the liberties of the Church must yield to the dictation of the civil ruler in everything which was not absolutely essential for the Church's existence. The Jesuits and Spaniards were inclined to accept the full mediæval theories of the temporal rights of the Church, and to think they must be almost as immutable and independent of circumstances as were her dogmas. From the first we shall see these different schools of thought coming into sharp conflict.

De Béthune had wisely told the Appellants to begin very quietly at first. The greatest care was taken over the first audience. The ambassador himself arranged the time and prepared the Pope's mind. "Careful for us as a father," the Appellants said, he read beforehand their proposed speech, and returned it next day with his corrections, after which it was again revised by Cardinal d'Ossat, the ecclesiastical ambassador for France at Rome.

Nevertheless, the Pope was anything but pleased on hearing Mush deliver it (March 5th). He asked, in the same words

he had used in the brief of August 17th, why they had not obeyed at first; for that disobedience lay at the root of the whole trouble. But his chief objection arose, not over the appeal, but over their pretension that Elizabeth would give toleration if he would change his policy, and inflict his censures no longer on the heretical persecutor, but on those Catholics whose politics were distasteful to her. This Gallican idea was the pivot round which important changes would now be about to take place.

The Appellants left the Vatican crestfallen, and hurried to the French ambassador for consolation. De Béthune bade them send him the points of their speech, and cheerily assured them that he would make it all right. The six points of the speech were sent round next morning, and in the afternoon the ambassador addressed the Pope upon the subject (March 7th).

Hitherto [he said] the catholic policy has been grossly wrong (*turpiter erratum est*). Nothing had been tried except arms, poisons, plots. If only these were laid aside, Elizabeth would be tolerant. Your Holiness must therefore (1) withdraw your censures from the Queen, and (2) you must threaten them against Catholics, if they attempt political measures against her, whether directly or indirectly. (3) Father Persons, and his like must be chastised and expelled from your Seminaries. (4) The Arch-priest, who seems to have been instituted solely to promote Spanish factions by false informations, should be removed or much restrained, (5) and if perhaps all this cannot be effected at once, a beginning should be made by giving satisfaction to the Appellant priests. (6) Then by degrees, Henri will intervene, and Elizabeth's anger will cool down.

Of the Pope's answer we have no authentic information, and the account of it given by John Cecil is evidently biassed. This is the more to be regretted, because there is no question that Clement from this time made a distinct change of policy. Keeping this in mind, however, and reading cautiously between the lines of Cecil's story, we can make fairly sure of the principal points. In the first place he pressed the ambassador hard for Henri's assistance and intercession with Elizabeth. Then he made some declaration of favour towards the Appellants. Of course he could not go far here, for he had not yet heard a syllable of the evidence in the inquiry he was about to open. But we may assume that he assured de Béthune that he was not likely to go back on any point fav-

ourable to the Appellants, which had already been settled in the brief of August 17th. As to the Gallican views propounded in regard to the policy of his predecessors, the Pope seems to have said so little that de Béthune foresaw that at least no conflict was likely to arise over his bold and contemptuous rejection of the Catholic policy in the past.

In truth, the Frenchman's boldness had been almost sublime. To throw over St. Pius V. and Cardinal Allen, with Gregory and Sixtus, and Campion and the Seminaries all with one sweeping phrase, *Turpiter erratum est*—was worthy of *la furie Française*, and the old Pope would not argue with it. De Béthune had scoffed at a past, already acknowledged to be one of the glories of the Church, as a period of murder plots, diversified by armed invasions. To the Pope that would have appeared like the mere bluster of a political partisan, only concerned in belittling his opponents: again not a matter to treat seriously. Nor again was he ever deceived by the allegation that Elizabeth would grant toleration. Why then did he not retaliate by telling de Béthune that he was mistaken?

Perhaps if we had an authentic account of the interview, we should find indications enough of the Pope's dissent from the Frenchman's proposals. But that again was not the principal matter. What he had most at heart was to work for peace. Had he not saved France, by absolving Henri IV., and yielding on points, which though very important, were not quite essential? He was, above all things, anxious to show that he was ready to do for England all that he had previously done for France, and though he had no expectations from Elizabeth, he had, or came to have, some hopes in James. But, for the realization of these plans or dreams the help of the King of France was clearly indispensable, and therefore he must needs give great weight to the advice of Henri's representative. And we must always remember that, though during Clement's lifetime no advantage followed from his change of policy, still the time was not so far distant when it would be rewarded, when Henri's daughter would win for England the first beginnings of toleration in religion, and the commencement of episcopal rule.

From this time forth then, we see the Pope distinctly inclined to steer a middle course between the old policy and the new proposals. Though he never subscribed to the Gallicanizing proposals suggested by de Béthune and the Ap-

pellants, still the latter believed that he actually had yielded, and was afterwards drawn back by the Spanish ambassador; so that we may at least be sure that he did not reject de Béthune's proposals with great emphasis. How far he was, on the other hand, from following the old traditions exactly will be evident on every page that follows.

The time, in fact, had come for a modification of those high mediæval ideas of pontifical power, even in things political, which great Popes like Pius V. had clung to with almost nervous tenacity during the period of greatest darkness and danger; which Clement VIII. also maintained, as was seen in his recovery of Ferrara in 1598. But the power of France and of French ideals was growing; while the influence of Spain, and of her conservatism, was waning. Clement recognized that, if the papacy was to preserve or increase its influence now, it must be by becoming still more pacific and conciliatory, conspicuous though it had always been for its mildness and gentleness. This is the leading idea of the negotiations that follow.

On March 14th the Appellants gave in through the French ambassador their first petition. The Archpriest's side had written an "Information" against them as soon as they had reached Rome (about February 20th), and this had been circulated somewhat widely, and had come even into their hands. It was, therefore, not unnatural that they should begin by demanding to see the reasons in writing for that severe indictment. Though the normal course would of course have been for them as plaintiffs to open the case, the Pope made no difficulty in favouring the ambassador who supported the Appellants' petition. On March 25th, therefore, the Archpriest's agents answered that they would not dispute the change of procedure, but would bring into court three charges—1) That the Appellant books were full of intolerable libels. 2) That they also contained propositions of a hazardous or heretical nature. 3) That serious objections might also be brought against the personal conduct or morals of some of the party. The evidence for the first and second charge were in fact presented about April 3rd, and needless to say that, if they had been at once accepted by the Pope, there would have been an end of the Appellant case. But the Archpriest's side had gone somewhat too far; the mass of evidence adduced, and the very gravity of the charges made, caused a delay

which reacted unfavourably on their cause. The investigation of charges of unsound doctrine belonged by right to the Holy Office, and thither the Pope at once relegated the papers for such cautious, methodical and prolonged consideration as could not be expected from a couple of Cardinals appointed to settle a practical difficulty while the parties concerned were waiting.

As for the personal charges against the morals of the Appellants, it appears almost certain that the actual evidence was never sent in at all. We know that the Archpriest's side were much pressed for time to get the bulky evidence against the eleven Appellant volumes into form at short notice, so that there can be no wonder if they did postpone their third point at the beginning of April. Afterwards, in two later papers of about the middle of April and beginning of May, they say they have the evidence ready, but they add on each occasion that they would *prefer not* to send it in until the Pope asks for it! And this, so far as our evidence bears, Clement neither did nor would ever have allowed. The Appellant accounts (April 11th), though not in themselves reliable,¹ declare that "the Pope was satisfied by that which he had heard before; did not suffer those accusations to come to the priests' hands, but there put an end to all calumnies." Looking at the evidence as a whole, there can be no question that from henceforwards those charges, *De Moribus*, were not *openly* referred to again.

Though the Pope had thus suppressed quietly, for reasons never publicly explained, an indictment, which might have led to a new conflict disastrous to the peace of the English Mission; there is no reason to suspect that he was smothering an inquiry, which really needed publicity. It will be well, therefore, to look behind the curtain, in order to satisfy ourselves on the one hand that the Procurators were not without some reasons for their action, while on the other, the justice of the Pope's refusal to re-open the question is clear. His court had in fact inquired into it already.

As I have explained before,² the debates *De Moribus* first became a matter of public interest during the old conflicts at

¹ The Appellants were mistakenly informed that the considerable mass of evidence given in against their books, consisted entirely of charges against their personal failings, *ingentem farraginem [calumniarum]* affert *Personius*, A.C. ii. 51. Whereas in fact the paper *De Moribus*, which is not long, was only announced as ready later.

² THE MONTH, July, 1912.

Wisbech in 1595, 1596. Those who wished to live a collegiate life in prison stated *inter alia* that there was a *danger* of lax life—and in the snappish mood then prevalent, the complaint was soon raised by Dr. Bagshaw's side, that they had been actually calumniated. Discussion was now inevitable; and when informations were being taken at Rome in 1597, preparatory to the erection of the Archipresbyterate, inquiries on the subject were made from James Standish, a secular priest once on Dr. Bagshaw's side; and he was perfectly justified under *those* circumstances in speaking out frankly; and so he did. Nevertheless, under *other* circumstances, at a contentious tribunal for instance, his evidence might have been summarily ruled out of court, because of its great weakness. His information is never at first hand; it is derived from women, who did not themselves reduce their stories to writing, or confirm them by oath, or solemnity of any kind; nor are there ever two witnesses to the same charge.

But, while it was perfectly right for Standish to communicate rumours like the above (the weakness of his evidence being stated quite frankly) to a commission of inquiry held by proper authority, it was an altogether different thing to revive or threaten to revive Standish's unverified statements in 1602, as though they were worthy of being treated as counter-evidence to the grave and unanswerable charges of misgovernment against Blackwell. This, however, was more or less what Father Persons's party did, or meant to do.

For smarting, as the Jesuit now was, under innumerable libels, from the charge of bastardy to that of unnatural treachery, he failed (we have seen an instance of this before) to maintain his usual prudence, and attached far too great an importance to Standish's story and to what seemed like a confirmation of it, viz., that the very men mentioned with suspicion as far back as 1596, should now have come forward as fanatical promoters of this appeal against their ecclesiastical superior, and as editors of libellous books. When challenged, therefore, by the Appellants in a paper sent through the Pope, to put down his worst objections in writing, Persons, in company with the other postulatores, prepared the oft-mentioned paper, *De moribus praecipuorum Appellantium*, which is still extant, and an abstract of which is printed by Tierney.¹

Here it was stated that not only had many of the Appel-

¹ Tierney's *Dodd*, vol. iii, p. clvii. n.

lants been notorious for their quarrelsome tempers, even from their seminary days (which was true), but that one at least, John Cecil, had been a dishonourable spy (which was also true), while others, like Bluet, had co-operated with heretics to the injury of Catholics; and others, again, had misbehaved themselves with the other sex in various ways, and under this head, the old charges brought by Standish were again repeated, with Standish's name, but his alone, in support of them. Now it must be remembered that it was only four years since Standish was in Rome and gave his evidence. So that even if the Pope and Cardinal Borghese had for the moment forgotten his story (which is unlikely), they would have remembered all about it as soon as they were reminded, and would not have needed to form judgment anew from the paper *De Moribus*. There was no need for them to take any notice of it, and they took none. The frequent reminders, which Father Persons sent in, one of which is as late as September 6th, only made their determination to exclude the subject more marked. That Father Persons did not perceive that determination is also clear, and it indicates a weak point in his character.

The *Scriptum de Moribus* has done more harm to Persons than to anyone else. Though "not allowed to come into the priests' hands," they came to hear of its existence; and erroneously concluded that the large bundle of evidence which had been put in against the books was really devoted entirely to their supposed misdeeds. So they called him "the great calumniator," and excused themselves on its score for considering him as within the pale of forgiveness. Another misfortune which ensued was that it allowed the misdeeds of John Cecil to escape uncensured.

In regard to the charges of false or dangerous doctrines in the Appellant books, we may form an idea, sufficient for our present purpose, by recalling some of the propositions which we have heard the French ambassador and the Appellants address to the Pope himself. They amounted to this, that the censures of the Pope should now be at the service of the temporal ruler, no exception being made even for heresy or tyranny; while the opposite policy of St. Pius V. was denounced (privately to be sure, and politely, without danger of public scandal) in the strong phrase—*turpiter erratum est*. The charge brought against the books was this, that the same sort of Gallican propositions, or worse, had been published

to the world at large by Watson and others, with many gross, scandalous and irritating exaggerations, and evident danger to the whole flock. They even went so far as to press for the public introduction of an oath to bind Catholics to fight against the Pope (no exception made for crimes of a tyrant or a heretic) in case of war between the temporal Sovereign and the Holy See; thus paving the way for the introduction of those fraudulent oaths of allegiance, which were soon afterwards to cause the English Catholics such grave and protracted sufferings, a danger which could even then be easily foreseen.

The procurators, therefore, selected thirty-six "Paradoxes and temerarious propositions" of the above quasi-Gallican description from the Appellant books, and the Pope sent them to the Holy Office as the proper tribunal to discuss them. But its procedure is necessarily slow and cautious. It was July 20th before they gave in their verdict, *Hos libros omnino prohibendos et damnandos esse*. If the Pope had given that answer at once, the French King might have abandoned the Appellants, and their case would then probably have collapsed; whereas (as we shall see), it was the decree of the Holy Office which was eventually given up.

Powerful, therefore, though the first indictment of the Archpriest's Proctors against the Appellants had been, it was not destined to be successful in the end; and its immediate removal to the Holy Office left the field quite free for the moment. On April 11th, therefore, the Appellants petitioned for a decision on the old quarrel whether original "stand off" had been schism, or rebellion, or a sin. This point had in reality been settled before by the brief of August 17, 1601, but the Pope now repeated on the same day the decision in their favour, adding, however, that all other portions of the same brief were also to be held as binding. This meant that all new books were forbidden as well as the reading of old ones. The original controversy was henceforth to be considered as entirely closed.

Thus ended what we may call the preliminary skirmish in the great trial, and upon the whole in favour of the Appellants. They had secured the strongest friends, they had parried the worst blows, and they had found a patient hearing for their extremest plans. Everything was now ready for the real struggle to begin.

J. H. POLLEN.

A LATE HARVEST

I.

A HEAVILY-LADEN postman trudged stolidly along the Peddington pavement, making for a substantial, square stone house. The highly-polished brass plate on its green palings testified that George Freeman, M.D., F.R.C.S., was the occupier thereof.

No need to knock at the door, which on this sunny summer morning stood wide open, revealing a roomy hall, and, through another open door, delightful glimpses of a rambling, old-world garden. An air of mingled comfort and ease embraced all. Nothing finical about the look of things outside or inside Dr. Freeman's house.

"Nothen skin-flintin' about *he*!" Peddington announced, approvingly, mentally making comparisons distinctly odious.

Peddington hated parsimony, and it was its once richest inhabitant, old Reuben Vincent, Master of the Iron Works, whom to his disadvantage it thus compared with Dr. Freeman. Of the doctor Peddington said:

"Her wur a good sart, doctor. Married Miss Margot Hyde, her ded; as purty a lil piece as ever you ded see. And a fine family they've a reared. Seven! Four sons and dree darters."

"Marnen!" said Postman Hutchings to the neat housemaid who came to the open door. "Summat in wind this marnen, I reckon. 'Bout of a two dozen parcels I've a bringed."

"And not one too many," was the blithe response. "'Tis our Miss Maggie's birthday. Her's twenty-one to-day."

"Es her, sure? Sims but yesterday her wur a lil toddlin maid. How time do fly! My best respects and many of 'em."

A general stampeding followed the postman's departure.

A very pretty bright-haired girl, in the freshest of white morning frocks, appeared at the head of the stairs, accompanied by a rollicking, riotous crowd of brothers and sisters.

"I'm twenty-one to-day!" they shouted in chorus.

"I say, Margots! What a ripping lot! Here, Mary, you're upsetting the apple-cart all over the floor. Perhaps they'll smash. Hold up your apron, Magpie, and we'll pitch 'em in."

Maggie waved her round, white arms right and left.

"Keep off!" she cried, "you noisy crew. It's *my* birthday, not yours."

And she piloted her ship-load into the breakfast-room.

II.

Peddington always chose for its choicest picnics Morton Hill.

From the short, rocky range, of which Morton was part, the beautifully "weathering" yellow-brown stone was quarried which, with the brown, thatched roofs, give to the scattered Somerset villages their picturesque air of mellowed antiquity. At the western, more wooded end of the spur, the square tower and delicate pinnacles of ancient Morton Church rose in dignified beauty, a relic of bygone days when England's faith was one, and one and unmutated her worship.

For the Freemans a yearly picnic on Morton had been an annual festivity since their "Magpie" had begun to chatter, a feat she performed at an early age and with an extraordinary fluency.

Magpie was an irrepressible mimic. By the time she was six years old, there was hardly a village character whose private and unsuspected comicalities she had not acutely observed and faithfully reproduced. The developing nursery came to revel in these mimetic displays, and George Freeman would look at Magpie's mother with a crinkling up of the corners of his quiet, brown eyes and remark:

"Dorcas Meetings, Maggie! D'you remember?"

In fact, Maggie was her mother over again, only more so. She had her mother's hair, the colour of ripe corn with the sun on it; her mother's infectious merriment and lightly tripping feet. But to her father she owed her eyes—brown, and soft, and steady. And the combination made of Maggie Freeman something of a beauty.

Her brothers admitted the fact—to themselves—surveying critically "other fellows' sisters"; and blue-eyed Ruth and Kathleen were aware of something more striking in their elder sister's appearance than they themselves possessed. No shadow of jealousy, however, attended this admission; moreover, their own mirrors gave them no cause for depression.

"There baint a pin to choose a-tween 'em," Peddington itself commented. "A fine fam'ly—all!"

Jack Lorry, the boy's school-fellow and the family's general chum, whose Engineering College was within such convenient

cycling distance, had lately come to the rather disturbing conclusion that there were several pins to choose between the "three Graces" of the doctor's family.

And in the choosing, Kathleen and Ruth, though, as chums, quite jolly, were left decisively out of reckoning. Jack was, indeed, becoming more and more painfully aware that if you wanted to reckon up the women of the world there was only one to reckon with, and that one's eyes were the softest brown and her hair was unusually golden. Jack resolved that the picnic on Morton Hill, to which, as a matter of course, he was invited, should put matters to the test.

III.

The sun was dipping gloriously behind Morton Hill before that most successful festivity, Maggie's majority party, began to come to an end.

Not a cloud had overcast the blueness of the sky or a drop of rain damped the freshness of frocks or spirits. Only three tea-cups and half-a-dozen lunch plates had been broken, but "What can you expect," Mrs. Freeman remarked genially, "with so many rather excited boys and girls about? Magpie isn't twenty-one every day. Where is she, by the way? We ought to be packing up now to be home in time for supper. . . . Yes, dear, a little dancing on the lawn. That's just what we've arranged. Magpie! Magpie! Where are you?"

But there was no answer to the call.

For Maggie, out of ear-shot, was parrying a question which for longer than to-day she had parried and to which reply was increasingly difficult.

Jack Lorry, with his arms athwart a sequestered gate at the end of the cool, green lane some distance from the picnic camp, was leading up to his declaration with a tragic earnestness, funny if it hadn't been pathetic.

But Maggie was no coquette. She couldn't bear to hurt honest and desperate young love. And she was really fond of "good old Jack," but not enough to marry him. No; she didn't want to think about being married yet. And when she did. . . . Oh! it would be different from this, surely. She must, surely, feel something very different from what she felt for Jack Lorry before she gave her life into a man's keeping. If only he wouldn't bring matters to the hurting point!

"Let's go back," said Maggie, with what she felt to be obvious tameness. "Mother will be wanting me to help pack up."

"No; we don't go back till you've listened and answered, Maggie. You've been avoiding me all day; you've avoided me for many days. . . ."

("Oh, dear!" thought Maggie. "It's going to be worse than I thought. His voice is cracking.")

She put out a sisterly hand and laid it with unconscious cruelty on the muscular brown fists gripping the gate-bar.

"Jack, dear old boy, . . . *don't!*"

"You haven't listened."

"I don't want to listen. Don't say any more, Jack. Please don't! We're such good chums . . ."

"Oh, no, we aren't," interrupted Jack, grimly. "We're not chums at all because—Yes, I'm going to say it and you're going to listen. . . . Because——" He took Maggie's hands and held them tightly. He hurt her fingers, he hurt her feelings, he hurt his own, but he plunged on with valiant obstinacy—"Because I love you, and have always loved you, and shall never love anybody else."

"Oh, yes, you will," interposed Maggie. "You will, really, Jack. Somebody much more . . ."

". . . And shall never love anybody else," resumed Jack, in desperation, losing thread and heart and hope all together. "Oh, Maggie, *can't* you?" he ended, and the simplicity and pain of it went straight to his listener's sisterly, motherly, but not, alas, lovely seat of the affections instantly.

"Can't you, Maggie? I'll wait. . . . There isn't anybody else, is there? My prospects are all right. I'll do whatever your pater wishes. I think your mother likes me . . ."

"But we all like you, so much, Jack. Oh, why can't we go on in the old way?" exclaimed poor Maggie in almost tearful distress. "Whatever is the need for this falling in love and upsetting everything, and . . ."

Jack released the hands he held—drew himself up and smiled—a rather crooked but manly smile.

"All right, Maggie . . . I see . . . I won't bother you . . . I'm not a cad . . . I'll try to be—your chum. I won't ask to kiss you, but I suppose I may kiss your hand. It sounds like a fool chap in a book to say that, but——"

He broke off—words were too difficult, but the kiss received by the somewhat unsteady little hand was not wanting in fervour nor in a certain rather fine boyish reverence.

"Now let's go back," he said. "They'll all be missing you."

IV.

At the bottom of the long hill, one of the many devious approaches to Peddington, an ancient, grey bridge spans the stream which gives to the little township its name. Another road meeting this at its base makes a sharp angle at the point of juncture with the bridge. The spot is not without its dangers, as a prominent warning to cyclists testifies.

So low is the bridge, its sides afford a convenient resting-place for tired or contemplative pedestrians; and the tree-shaded pool into which the stream here widens, the grey walls of an old mill on its banks, with Morton's distant woods lying blue against the sky-line, make a picture not unworthy of contemplation.

Such was, perhaps, the reflection of a pedestrian seated on the left side of the bridge puffing a meditative pipe on the evening of the birthday party.

Something about him suggested a knowledge of the world not confined to Peddington's narrow limits. In the fine, dark eyes, set in a deeply-bronzed face, thought, perhaps sad thought, brooded. The years—his tale numbered maybe fifty—had chiselled deep lines in cheek and brow, a touch of stoicism marked the clean-shaven, determined mouth. It was a face to provoke conjecture. What had life done with this tanned and thought-burdened wayfarer? What had he done with life?

Some such questions as these, in fact, were drifting through the stranger's meditations.

Yet Reuben Vincent was no stranger to Peddington, though few of its younger inhabitants would have recognized him. With some of its older ones, in days gone by, his relations, as he now recalled them, afforded him scant pleasure. Wild oats, a regrettable number, had been sown in Peddington. His manner of departure therefrom had been tragic.

Another July evening, more than twenty years ago, filled as now with scented summer sweetness—of that he was thinking—and of a woman who, unconsciously, had saved him from a grievous fall.

Caught in a net of his own mad weaving, entangled with recklessly-accumulated gambling debts, Reuben Vincent had intended to rob his rich and miserly father. Hiding in the gardens of that father's house, where guests were being entertained at a summer party, he had chanced upon a sight little calculated to pour oil on his already troubled waters.

A man does not easily look on at another's love-making when he himself is wild with frustrated longing for love of the woman wooed.

Nevertheless, it was the sight of Maggie Hyde, revealing herself in her sweetness and purity to the man who held her heart, which had saved him from his lowest self. When he left England, a steerage passenger for Canada, the evil deed was undone. There were no debts in Reuben Vincent's record to-day. He was a richer man than his father had ever been, but the page of these intervening years was a clean one.

With a certain air of finality, as of one who sums up and dismisses a train of unhappy thought, the traveller knocked the ashes out of his pipe. A smile, not cynical, but certainly not gay, flickered round the corners of the melancholy, stoical mouth.

Maggie! The mother of seven! Maggie's Maggie his sister Ruth had written about.

"Just twenty-one, Reuben! And bonnier, if possible, than her mother at that age."

What friends they had been, Ruth and Maggie! That garden-party, the end of which he had so painfully witnessed, had been given by Ruth in Maggie's honour to celebrate her engagement to George Freeman. . . . The old man was dead now, whom once, like a cur, he would have robbed, and Ruth alone in the big old house and gardens tending her cherished flowers. . . . And Maggie's Maggie twenty-one! Well: at any rate, Ruth would give him a welcome.

He rose from his seat, pocketing his pipe, when, suddenly, sounds met his ears and a sight his eyes calling for instant and decisive action.

Down the steep hill ending with the bridge, a party of cyclists, merry boys and girls, were proceeding at an incautious speed, laughing and joking as they rode. At the same time, along the lane which converged on the road at the base of the hill, a heavily-laden wagon lumbered, at a speed also incautious and probably unguided. Indeed, as Reuben instantly perceived, the reins had fallen from the hands of a sleeping or drunken driver, at imminent danger of entangling the horses' feet.

Another instant, and they must have dragged the wagon across the road and an accident, or a number of accidents, followed inevitably.

In that instant Reuben was at the horses' heads, and as he

gripped the bridles, the merry party dashed across the bridge. There, on the far side, they drew up and dismounted.

"We must go back and thank that man," said one of the cyclists, who seemed in quieter, less exuberant mood than the rest. "He's probably saved our lives at the risk of his own. We must go back and thank him."

It was Maggie's Maggie who spoke.

V.

"What, our Maggie!" said Dr. Freeman, some three months after a very narrowly-averted disaster at the bottom of that dangerous hill outside Peddington had resulted in a badly-broken wrist, considerable surgical attention, besides other surprising happenings—"Our little Maggie! Why, he's old enough to be her father, to say nothing of —"

"She loves him," said Maggie's mother, softly. "He's won his spurs. Happiness has been long in coming to him. She loves him, dear."

"What, *that* fellow!" exclaimed Jack Lorry. And then he, too, added to himself: "She loves him. I said I'd try to be her chum. He must be worth loving if Maggie loves him."

"Law!" summed up Peddington, conclusively. "Let bygones be bygones, I do say. He've a made a tidy bit o' money and baint none the worse for that. For there baint nothen skin-flintin about *he*!"

Once again the sun dipped gloriously behind Morton Hill.

A bronzed man with grizzled hair and a girl whose golden head was bare to the departing sunbeams, came together down the long slope outside Peddington, halting beside the ancient bridge at its base.

"It was here," said Maggie. "Just here. Probably you saved my life, and that was the first thing you did for me."

But the man with the grave eyes and set lips did not answer immediately. He was thinking, perhaps, of those locust-eaten years, and possibly they seemed to him a sorry offering in return for the royal gift he was receiving.

"Your mother saved my soul," he said. "And you . . . *you* can give me . . . O Maggie, I sometimes fear . . ."

Maggie looked up into the troubled face, and her eyes were shining and her brave lips a little tremulous.

"You know so little about it as *that*, after all!" she said, softly. "You don't know yet how the perfect thing casts out all *that*? Look, dear—our last sunset over Morton. And tomorrow we sail—for the new life together."

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE PRAYER

"Ego autem in justitia apparebo conspectui tuo: satiabor cum apparuerit gloria tua."

I.

LORD, I would oft in stately fanes draw near Thee,
Oft pay my vows in some majestic shrine,
Where Thou, in Sacraments, dost wait to cheer me
With sequence fair, and symmetry Divine.
Through all the gates of sense the stream of healing
Should pass, that it may wholly flood my breast,
By sight and scent and ear and touch and feeling
Thy seemliness confest!

II.

And this I ask, because beyond that portal,
Beyond the shadow that Thy altar flings,
It is my lot to track the Light Immortal
Through weary ways, and sad and sordid things.
In forms untouched by aught that I call beauty
In faces mean and foolish, dull and tired,
In one long joyless course of treadmill duty,
By genius uninspired.

III.

My post is set, where goodness, cold and drastic,
Seeks but the essentials of the Scheme of Grace,
Where toil-worn minds, and hands iconoclastic
Would mould all Life to pious commonplace!
And where the great gifts serve the ends unholy,
Art owns not God, and Wit abhors not sin,
And Music's self has learnt to poison slowly
The souls that she would win!

IV.

So scarce I dare with dreams, or pleasant thinking,
To ease the irksome task, the daily stress,
Lest I should wrong, by some disloyal shrinking,
Thy Presence in uncomely righteousness. . . .
Grant, then, the shelter of that sacred portal,
Where love of loveliness may still persist,
And with the Unveiled Face, the Heights Immortal,
Foretell my final tryst!

G. M. HORT.

TWO ANGLO-IRISH POETS

AMONG the present-day Anglo-Irish poets there are two whose verses have a special charm. The first and the better known is Mr. Joseph Campbell, or, to give him his Irish patronymic, *Seosamh mac Cathmhaoil*, who a few years ago published *The Mountenay Singer*, and more recently *Irishry*. Mr. Campbell possesses many assets that have helped to give him a somewhat unique position among the verse-makers of the present-day Irish literary movement. He is in the first place a native Irish speaker, and thus has an open window into that realm of thought which, when closed, renders the name of Irish poet a contradiction in terms. Unlike many of his fellows he is, therefore, in direct contact with the root-thought of his race, and no wall exists between his mind and that of the Gael. Those vague, hazy, rather confused ideas that go to make up what is styled "Celtic mysticism," and that, if understood by the writers are often quite incomprehensible to the readers, form no part of Campbell's poetic equipment. He does not belong to that school: his muse is far too vigorous, virile, and vivid. But in another sense he is a Gaelic mystic, a mystic of another and older school—though to call it a school is almost a misrepresentation, so little of formality is there about it, and so essential a quality is it of the native Irish mind. Of that mysticism he is an exponent, for his verses carry us to the borderland of the unseen, and we are shown that the background of Gaelic fancy rests on the things of the spirit, and that every obvious material fact owes its value to the idea that lies behind it. Though thus concerned with this Gaelic element, the poetry of the author of *The Mountenay Singer and Irishry*, is not an anachronism; it is not the retelling of old-time stories, the bringing back to us of an age that has gone, the straining after the local colour of the past. Rather, it pulsates with a blood that is not cold, and speaks of a life that is of to-day; a chord in us vibrates to his music that would be irresponsible were that music not in touch with the present. Another element that influences Campbell's poetry is nature. He is not a poet of the street. Bricks and mortar, slum alleys, roof-tops, the tramp of feet upon the pavement, the jostling crowd of human beings—none of these

things call to his fancy, and he has written hardly a line that tells us of the town. The call to him has come from the countryside. Every page of his books breathes the fragrance of nature, of the scent of the hedge-rose, the bog-myrtle, the sea-wrack, the turf-smoke that curls from the cottage chimney. He brings to us the impression of sky-sweeps, undulating landscapes, mountain stretches, golden harvests, and of all that comes from the freshness and purity of the soil. He might indeed be styled the "Singer of the Irish countryside," for it is the soul of the countryside that underlies every line he writes. Into the by-ways he takes us, along the untrodden ways, away from the beaten road, and he introduces us to the people who live in remote districts, and who are not to be met elsewhere, and who require an introduction such as his—sympathetic and understanding,—to make them known. The Weaver, the Piper, the Cobbler, the Beggar, the Ploughman, and others such as they, have been his friends, and we, through him, are able to penetrate into at least the anteroom of their intimacy. He takes us, too, into other places more difficult of access—into those remotest by-ways where the "Gilly of Christ" is sometimes seen to pass, and Christ's *Shiuler* travels, and where we must walk with reverent step, for there the way too has been blessed. Then on we are brought to the grass-rings to watch the "good people" go by, and to listen to the fairy music, and wonder at the strange wild ways of the *Sidhe*. Thus the threefold motive power of Joseph Campbell's verse is his Gaelic tradition and outlook, his sense of the unseen, and his sympathy with nature. They are the three strings of his lyre, and they are always in harmony. He writes of what he has learnt in his childhood, of what he observes in his wanderings through the country, and of what he feels in his Gaelic soul—what he writes is from himself, spontaneous and original, and he writes because he has something to say.

We turn to *The Mountenay Singer* and, opening the book at page two, we read the first verse of "When Rooks Fly Homeward":

When rooks fly homeward
And shadows fall,
When roses fold on the hay-yard wall,
When blind moths flutter by door and tree,
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me—

It would be hard to find a more perfect description of the typical summer evening.

In the "Gilly of Christ," one of the best known of Campbell's poems, he has woven a charming fancy round the old Gaelic name *Giolla Criost*, servant of Christ. It was the custom in Ireland to take dedicatory names such as the above. *Giolla Muire*, servant of Mary; *Giolla Phadraig*, servant of Patrick; and *Giolla an Cluig*, servant of the bell (denoting the clerk of a saint), are other examples. These names survive still in Gilchrist, MacGill, etc. So Campbell has imagined a "gilly" or servant of Christ still haunting the countryside, and though invisible to ordinary eyes, yet often leaving a blessing behind him:

I am the Gilly of Christ,
The mate of Mary's Son;
I run the roads at seeding time,
And when the harvest's done.

No eye has ever seen me,
But shepherds hear me pass,
Singing at fall of even
Along the shadowed grass.

The seed I sow is lucky,
The corn I reap is red,
And whoso kneads the Gilly's barm,
Will never cry for bread.

Another poem is founded on the old Gaelic tradition that Christ sometimes comes as a beggar to ask for charity.

I met a walking man,
His head was old and grey.
I gave him what I had,
To crutch him on his way.
The Man was Mary's Son I'll swear;
A glory trembled on his hair.

And since that blessed day,
I've never known the pinch;
I plough a broad townland,
And dig a river-inch;
And on my hearth the fire is bright,
For all that walk by day and night.

The few lines on "A Natural"—the term used in the Irish countryside to designate one who is without his right senses—carry with them the bleakness of the highway, and they photo-

graph in the mind the lonely, deluded wayfarer, who goes his way content in the company of his own vision.

Lend us the boon of a halfpenny, Sir—
And he passed with his splendid nose in the air,
A gaunt, grey carcase of skin and bones,
As cold as the river, as hard as the stones.
To him the highway was table and bed,
Shift for the newborn and sheet for the dead.
The wind that blew from Beola's crest
Seemed to fire his wild unrest.
The rain that beat on his neck and face,
A goad to quicken him in his pace.

In another piece, "The Night Prayer," Joseph Campbell has been inspired by some of the Gaelic religious poems which it is still the habit of the Irish speakers to repeat as they fall asleep at night:

Pray for me, Seachnal,
Pray for me, Mel;
Save me from sin
And the cold stone of Hell!
Brigid and Ita
And Eithne the Red,
Spread out your mantles
And cover my bed!
For Rann and Gospel
Have gone from my mind,
And devils are walking
Abroad in the wind—

The love of the soil, of the fruitful earth, and of those who labour on it, is another of this poet's themes. To the Ploughman he says:

Go, Ploughman, go,
The mearing lands
The meadow lands
The mountain lands:
All life is bare
Beneath your share,
All love is in your lusty hands!

And to the Reaper:

Go, Reaper,
Speed and reap.
Go take the harvest of the plough:
The wheat is standing,
Broad and deep;
The barley glumes are golden now.

But a stronger note prevails occasionally in these poems,

and in the last piece but one of this book there is a burst of patriotic feeling:

The poet loosed a winged song,
Against the hulk of Ireland's wrong,
Were poisoned words at his command,
'Twould not avail for Ireland.

Christ save us! only Thou canst save,
The nation staggers to the grave,
Can genius, valour, faith be given,
And win no recompense from Heaven?

We close *The Mountenay Singer* with regret, for though we have gained much pleasure from *Irishry*, still it is not quite up to the level of the first book. *Irishry* is a series of vignettes, and as the author says in his preface,

hardly a corner of Ireland but has contributed something to this pageant by types that stand for the nation to-day . . . artists are fortunate in that the colour of Irish life is still radiant. One hears on all sides of greyness, emigration, degeneracy, but one has only to look about to see that the cry has no mouth. There is blood everywhere, in the boglands of Connacht, as well as on the farms of Leinster, in the streets of Cork as well as in that barbarous nook, Belfast—my own calf ground.

Campbell writes of "The Blind Man at the Fair," and in simple terse words makes us realize something of the agony of those who cannot see:

Oh to be blind,
To know the darkness that I know;
The stir I hear is empty wind,
The people idly come and go.

White roads I walk with vacant mind,
White cloud-shapes round me drifting slow;
White lilies waving in the wind,
And darkness everywhere I go.

In another way he writes of quite another type of person, the "Gombeen Man," or, to give him a more intelligible name, the Usurer of the countryside:

Behind a web of bottles, bales,
Tobacco, sugar, coffin nails,
The Gombeen like a spider sits,
Surfeited, and for all his wits,
As meagre as the tally-board
On which his usuries are scored—

The following verses of the little poem, "The Exile," may evoke an answering echo in some Irish hearts:

Hills of heather, fields of stones,
And the happy sea that moans
Endlessly beyond them; they
Hold my heart till Judgment Day.
Home is Heaven though it were
A burrow in the rock of Clare;
And Clare is seventh Heaven to me,
Hanging on the hungry sea—

Another type, the very opposite of "The Exile," "The Planter," is thus described:

The Celt, I say,
Has shown some artistry
In living; you, the Planter, none,
Under moon or sun,
You are the same, a dull dog—countryless,
Traditionless, and letterless;
Without a dance or song
To speed the time along.

Two lines from the poem called "Poets" and we shall cull no more extracts, but leave the reader to continue his acquaintance with Joseph Campbell by going to the original source. He is treating of the Irish poet who has let go the literary heritage of his country and broken with the culture of his race:

He died with chains about his mind,
Who plumbed the sea, who scaled the wind.

Certainly these words could never apply to Joseph Campbell, for though indeed he writes mostly in a tongue that is not the one he learnt in his cradle, he has drunk deeply of the well of Gaelic thought, his language is coloured with Gaelic expressions, and it is the Gaelic idea that is the silver thread running through all his poetry.

The "colour of Irish life that is still radiant" has been lately touched upon by another Anglo-Irish poet, Miss W. M. Letts, who in her book, *Songs of Leinster*, has drawn many pictures of a world that exists to-day. True to what she sees—she looks about her with keen, interested, observant eyes—Miss Letts writes of the everyday incidents that take place around us, and of the everyday people we pass in the streets, on the roads, in all the common thoroughfares. She notices the children playing in the gutter, the poor woman

walking down the alley, the worshippers in a church, the black-berry pickers, the people at a fair, and she penetrates further into the homes and sees the little country girl come to service in the town, the hard-worked *Bean an Tighe* lying dead, the old Wexford woman sitting by her hearth. She notes down all the things that she observes in easy-running verse, giving us photographs of the little scenes we meet so often on our way that we hardly heed them, and she finds something to say of mere trifles and details, using them as the lights and shades to give her sketches a living value. It is of the better known Ireland that Miss Letts writes, of the Ireland of Leinster—as the title of the little book implies,—Dublin, the Midlands, Wexford, to which anyone who wishes can have access. No barrier exists here through which it is difficult to pass, no gulf yawns between two opposing civilizations, but an open country where two races have met and mingled their currents of thought, without loss of individuality. Miss Letts evidently knows her Anglo-Ireland well, and is able to portray many of its types and to handle with ease its form of speech. It is a relief to find in these Anglo-Irish poems a rendering that is correct and rings true, so often are the ears of those who know offended by the uncouth, jarring, absolutely inaccurate language with its impossible spelling that makes up the vain attempt of some writers to represent the Anglo-Irish tongue. Here Miss Letts is a connoisseur and never strikes a wrong note.

The *Songs of Leinster* open with a poem called "The Harbour" that brings before us a very familiar stretch of Wexford coast-line. The harbour is described as a dying exile might recall it:

I'd see the harbour in the evening light,
The old men staring at some distant ship,
The fishing-boats they fasten left and right
Beside the slip.

The sea-wrack lying on the wind-swept shore,
The grey thorn-bushes growing in the sand;
Our Wexford coast from Arklow to Cahore—
My native land.

And so, through many a tenderly-remembered image, to:

And then the Angelus—I'd surely see
The swaying bell against a golden sky,
So God, Who kept the love of home in me
Would let me die.

From this poem of quiet reminiscences we turn to an actual street scene where, nevertheless, the spirit of the *Angelus* still pervades:

I've seen a woman kneeling down in the dirty street—
An' she took no heed of her tattered gown,
Or the broken boots on her feet;
An' she took no heed of the people there,
Rich and poor that would stand and stare
At a woman kneeling in prayer in the street.

For the thing that she spied
At the back of the great shop pane
Was a cross with a Figure crucified.
She took no heed of the driving rain,
An' thim that would turn to look again,
She took no heed of the noisy street,
But knelt down there at her Saviour's feet.
What matter at all what the place might be?
To one poor soul it was Calvary.

"The Crib," a description of a little scene witnessed in the Carmelite Church, Dublin, is perhaps the most charming in the book:

Foreinst the Crib there kneels a little child,
Behind him in her ragged shawl his mother,
For all the ages that have passed one child
Still finds God in another.

An' there's our Saviour lying in the hay,
Behind Him in her shawl His watchful mother.
Two mothers with their sons, each knows the joys
And sorrows of the other—

The father kneels away there by the door,
The hands he clasps in prayer are rough with labour;
The likes of him that hunger and that toil
Once called St. Joseph neighbour—

A verse from the poem "The Town" gives another side to the picture of city life:

I wonder now does God look down,
Upon the town,
And what He's thinking when He sees
The people swarming there like bees;
The alleys and the dirty lanes,
The moidher of the trams and trains;
The stately carriages galore,
And then the poor,
Who traipis in the bitter street
With broken boots upon their feet.

I wonder what He thinks at night
 When angels set the stars alight
 And in the town the lamps are bright—
 Does He watch gaming rascals cheat
 Old drunken villians curse and fight,
 While girls, grown shameless, walk the street?

Miss Letts has watched well the ways of the street and its child-life that is familiar to anyone who has been through the alleys and back lanes of Dublin. Under archways, on doorsteps, along the pavement the small population is seen during many hours of the day: families of little beings grouped together; a girl of seven or eight superintending younger ones and carrying in her arms a child not very much smaller than herself. Smutty-faced, large-eyed mites pattering with bare feet over the cobble-stones, finding interest and amusement in all sorts of unexpected things. "Angels Unawares" tells of one of these little girls whose sense, dependableness, resourcefulness would make a poor show of her richer sisters:

She minds the childer all the day
 A baby tucked inside her shawl:
 Faulting the young ones when they stray
 Along the street beyond her call.

The sense comes soon to them that's poor.
 Herself could scarcely walk when she
 Made room for younger ones galore
 And rocked the baby on her knee.

Barefooted with her share of dirt—
 But steadfast for her years is Kate,
 The likes of her don't come to hurt
 Though sure she's only rising eight.

The sentiments of a country maiden who becomes a servant in the city are shown in "In Service":

Little Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
 She wears a fine white apron,
 She wears a new black gown,
 An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravin' down the street,
 A feathered hat upon her head
 And boots upon her feet.

"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I should meet.

I'm lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;
 "I'm lost without the bogland,
 I'm lost without the sea,
 An' the harbour an' the fishing boats that sail out fine and free."
 Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
 Waiting on the quality,
 And answering the door,
 But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

But if Miss Letts writes mostly about the town, and if she seems to understand it the best, she can also use her pen to trace country life, and in a "Prayer for a Little Child" we are brought straight into the world of the people on the land:

God keep my jewel this day from danger;
 From tinker and pooka and black-hearted stranger.
 From harm of the water, from hurt of the fire.
 From the horns of the cows going home to the byre.
 From sight of the fairies that maybe might change her.
 From teasing the ass when he's tied to the manger.
 From stones that would bruise her, from thorns of the briar.
 From red evil berries that wake her desire.
 From hunting the gander and vexing the goat.
 From the depths o' sea water by Danny's old boat.
 From cut and from tumble, from sickness and weeping,
 May God have my jewel this day in His keeping.

In the poem "Grandeur," Miss Letts touches on the subject of the "Wake." How much writing has centred round that theme, and how many descriptions of wild, uproarious, almost savage happenings, alleged to have been of common occurrence on such occasions, are published. To many of us "Grandeur" will give a nearer impression of the Wakes we have seen than these other accounts:

Poor Mary Byrne is dead,
 An' all the world may see
 When she lies upon her bed
 Just as fine as quality.
 She lies there still and white,
 With candles either hand
 That'll guard her through the night:
 Sure she never was so grand.
 She holds her rosary,
 Her hands clasped on her breast.
 Just as dacent as can be
 In the habit she's been dressed.
 The neighbours come and go,
 They kneel to say a prayer.
 I wish herself could know
 Of the way she's lying there.

TWO ANGLO-IRISH POETS

It was work from morn till night
And hard she earned her bread.
But I'm thinking she's a right
To be easy now she's dead.

I wish the dead could see
The splendour of a wake
For it's proud herself would be
Of the keening that they make.

As is evident from the above quotations these two writers, though treating of the same subject—Ireland as represented through her more humbly-placed inhabitants—differ from each other both in their style and in their respective points of view. Joseph Campbell has the advantage of belonging to Gaelic Ireland, and is in touch with that inner world which is the source of all Irish individuality, and of which Anglo-Ireland is the outcome, and he has the soul of Ireland at his command. Miss Letts, on the contrary, is not at one with this remoter world, she knows only its offshoot. She writes understandingly of Irish outside life as she sees it; Campbell of the inner consciousness.

CHARLOTTE DEASE.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST AND THE "RITUALE ROMANUM"

IF any book in the world can be said to invite copious annotation, that book is surely the *Rituale Romanum*. Dealing for the most part with practices which have come down from the earliest ages of Christianity, it is nevertheless scored deep with time notes bearing witness to the varying phases of opinion through which the Church has passed. Like most of the service-books issued by ecclesiastical authority, it gives proof of an intense conservatism. Things obsolete by long disuse are still retained in print unaltered. Rarely is any ceremony, or even the detail of a ceremony, entirely expunged. It leaves traces of its presence even when no longer remembered, and puzzling rubrics and phrases find their explanation in the practices of a more remote age, which sometimes are only rescued from oblivion by some such accidental reminder. In continuation of two articles on the ritual of Holy Communion which appeared in these pages just a year ago,¹ I am tempted to call attention now to one or two points suggested by a recent reperusal of the preliminary sections of the official Roman order for the administration of the Holy Eucharist. In these general directions the new *editio typica* of the *Rituale Romanum* (1913) has made no change, and yet I may begin this series of desultory notes by calling attention to a rubric, long obsolete, which, though omitted for the past fifty years and more in the English *Ordo Administrandi*, is still retained in the *Rituale* itself.

Speaking of the administration of Holy Communion outside of Mass, the Roman Ritual directs not only that care should be taken to consecrate previously an adequate number of particles, but "to set out in a decent and convenient place one or more vessels with wine and water for the purification of those who have received Communion."² A similar practice, as has previously been pointed out here in detail,³ is enjoined in the rubrics of the Missal and in the *Ceremoniale Episcoporum*. Why, it may be asked, if this observance was

¹ THE MONTH, August and September, 1914.

² *Rituale Romanum*, Tit. iv, cap. 2, no. 1.

³ THE MONTH, October, 1911, pp. 338 seq.

then deemed to be of so much importance, has it since been suffered to lapse almost without protest?¹ It is curious that, in spite of my having frequently written on the subject, the full explanation never suggested itself to me before; but I have now no doubt that the reason for the change of practice is closely associated with the general decline in the objectionable habit of spitting. Three hundred years ago, or even less, the usual tone taken by those who laid down rules concerning the exterior deportment to be observed in and after the reception of the Sacrament, was to assume that human nature could hardly endure a restriction so severe as was involved in the prohibition to spit altogether. The *Rituale Romanum* itself directs the priest to instruct his flock that after Communion they "should not *at once* look about them with wandering eyes, or spit, or read prayers immediately out of a book, for fear that the sacred species should fall out of their mouths." St. Charles Borromeo, it is true, urges that the communicant should not spit for half an hour after receiving the sacred Host.² But in general the recommendations made, whether to religious or to the laity, were much less drastic. In the case of monks the difficulty goes back to the time of St. Benedict himself. "Let the brother who is reader for the week," says the Rule, "take a little bread and wine before he begins to read, on account of the Holy Communion." When we hear further from the *Regula Magistri*, itself of the seventh century, that this indulgence was permitted *propter sputum Sacramenti*, the connexion of thought becomes plain. Reading aloud necessitated, it was believed, a good deal of spitting, and this, shortly after Communion, might involve irreverence to the sacred species. Hence it was desirable, before beginning, to swallow a mouthful of bread and a draught of wine. Other writers, for example Beletus in the twelfth century, emphasize the same idea. The Carmelite, Sibert de Beka, about 1312, relying perhaps upon the cleansing effect of the purification of wine taken immediately after receiving the Host, is not very severe in his demands upon his brethren. "The communicants," he says, "must be upon their guard not to spit immediately after Communion; or in any case they must be careful to do so in a fitting place where there will be no danger of people treading."³ The

¹ On later survivals, see THE MONTH, November, 1911, p. 524; December, p. 642; January, 1912, p. 77.

² *Instructiones Pastorum* (Augsburg, 1758), pp. 172 and 192.

³ Zimmerman, *Ordinaire de Sibert de Beka*, p. 88.

same precaution was urged upon the laity, as for example, in a little instruction on "the Composition of Bodie in receiving the Blessed Sacrament," from the Rouen edition of the *Manual of Prayers* (1614):

After receiving of the Holy Host, let the head not indecentlie be cast down, but remaine erected with the hands joined before the breast until the Ablution which everie one ought to take.

Finalie for the space of a quarter of an hour after receiving let spytting be avoided. Which if it cannot be, at least it is decent to spit where it may not be trodden on.

It must not be supposed that at this date there was any marked difference between the personal habits of our own and foreign nations. So far as there was any distinction between them in the matter of cleanliness, the advantage seems then to have lain with the southern peoples. The use of forks and other similar instruments of refinement originally came from Italy, and Sir Fynes Moryson, who was a great traveller, and who knew Italy in particular exceptionally well, remarks with evident surprise that the Italians were "curious" (=very particular) in keeping their churches "in which it was no small trespass so much as to spit."¹ Be this as it may, I do not doubt that as the instinct of cleanliness gradually succeeded in exercising more restraint upon the rude manners of the less educated, and as the custom of frequent Communion became more general, the need of providing the purification of wine was felt to be a burden which really had no adequate justification as a necessary mark of reverence for the Sacrament. Those who communicated frequently were for the most part careful to avoid any personal habits which could entail the slightest risk of profanation, and the example they set spread to some extent among the others. For a long time, however, the purification of wine was retained on the great days of general Communion, for example, at Easter, when the Blessed Sacrament was received by those ruder and more careless parishioners who approached the holy table but once a year, or little oftener, but on ordinary occasions when only a few communicated, this practice of purification, which must have been both costly and productive of delay, gradually fell into disuse. In the sick-room it lingered longer. Even in the English *Ordo Administrandi*, in its newest edition (1915), we still find the direction "let

¹ Fynes Moryson, *Itinerary*, III. p. 46.

lights be prepared (in the sick chamber) and two little vessels, one with wine and one with water." No further reference is made to these two vessels, but it is made clear in other Ritualia of the sixteenth century that the priest was meant to wash his fingers in wine. According to the Würzburg *Agenda* of 1564 the priest is to wash his fingers in wine, or, if perchance the invalid cannot drink wine, in water alone. Substantially the same directions are also to be found in other rituals, and in some few cases, a quite surprising consideration is shown for the fastidiousness natural in a sick man. Thus in the Bamberg *Agenda* of 1587 the priest is directed to wash his fingers first of all before taking up the Blessed Sacrament, and then, after Viaticum is administered, the rubric proceeds:

Hereupon let him wash his hands in wine and give this to the sick man to drink, or if he be an abstainer (*si sit abstemius*) let him give him pure water without saying anything. But if the priest suppose that he may feel any nausea at the wine of the ablution being offered to him, let him be given fresh wine while the priest consumes the ablution himself.¹

Supposing the sick man to be in danger of vomiting, many of the earlier rituals direct that he should be shown the Blessed Sacrament and bidden to make an act of faith in the real presence. For example, the Mechlin *Pastorale* of 1589 speaks as follows:

If on account of some bodily infirmity the sick man cannot receive the Holy Eucharist, let him be encouraged to communicate spiritually, partaking of this proffered heavenly bread by his desires and by that living faith which worketh through love, savouring its fruits and its benefits. So let him console himself with these words of S. Augustine—*Believe and thou hast eaten*. For this reason, to quicken his soul and to raise his mind to God, it will be permissible to show him this Holy Sacrament. Whereupon let him, following the example of St. Thomas, say with great faith and reverence:

"My Lord and my God. I adore Thee O Body of my Saviour Jesus Christ and I bless Thee because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world. O Lord redeem Thou my soul."²

Or as the Bamberg *Agenda* puts the same matter:

When the sick man is for any reason prevented from receiving Holy Viaticum, let him be exhorted to make good by faith what

¹ *Agenda* (Bamberg, 1587), p. 214.

² *Pastorale*, Mechlin, 1589, p. 67.

he cannot supply by actual participation, and to console himself with the words of Augustine "Believe" he says "and thou hast eaten." And then the consecrated Host can be shown him; on beholding which let him say humbly and devoutly with Thomas: "My Lord and my God. In Thee O Lord have I hoped, I shall not be confounded for ever."¹

This may be assumed to be the survival of a practice which is obviously aimed at in a rubric of the present *Rituale Romanum*:

But let not the Sacrament be carried to anyone only to be adored, or under pretext of devotion or for any other reason, only to be shown to him.²

This explicit prohibition seems to date from the time of St. Pius V., but before that period one may appeal to numerous historical examples of this supreme act of veneration to the Blessed Sacrament which seemingly passed unproved. None can have more interest for English readers than the story of the last moments of King Henry VII., and of his sainted mother, the Lady Margaret. The late Father Bridgett has extracted both accounts from the sermons of Blessed John Fisher. Henry VII., it appears, had received Holy Communion a short time before his last illness, and we are told that:

Two days before his departing, he was of that feebleness that he might not receive it again, nevertheless he desired to see the monstrant wherein it was contained. The good father, his confessor, in goodly manner as was convenient, brought it unto him. He with such a reverence, with so many knockings and beatings of his breast, with so quick and lively a countenance, with so desirous a heart, made his humble obeisance thereunto; with so great humbleness and devotion kissed, not the self place where the Blessed Body of our Lord was contained, but the lowest part of the foot of the monstrant, that all that stood about him scarcely might contain them from tears and weeping.³

The Lady Margaret's last moments, on the other hand, introduce us to a practice which has left much fainter traces in the rubrics of the *Rituale Romanum*. I think, however, that there are traces, though at first sight the connexion is not very apparent. We are told in the first place in general that the faithful, when communicating, "should humbly adore the

¹ *Agenda* (Bamberg, 1587), p. 218.

² *Rituale Romanum*, Tit. iv. cap. 4, n. 5.

³ Bridgett, *Hist. of Holy Euch. in Great Britain*, Second Edition, p. 254.

Sacrament on both knees and reverently receive it."¹ Secondly, in the directions for giving Communion to the sick, it is laid down that the priest should say *Ecce Agnus Dei*, &c., followed by the *Domine non sum dignus*, &c., thrice repeated. "And let the sick man together with the priest say the same words (*i.e.*, Lord I am not worthy, &c.) at least once in a low tone."² It seems to me that both these directions are inspired by a thought which we find more explicitly formulated in the Mechlin *Pastorale* of 1589:

The priest [we are there told] returning thanks to the bounteous Giver for this mystery of faith, prays at the same time *Domine adauge nobis fidem* (O Lord increase our faith) or *Deus meus illumina tenebras meas* (Illuminate my darkness, O my God). But because, as Augustine tells us (In Ps. 98), no one fittingly partakes of that flesh unless he has previously adored it, let the priest by some short and pious prayer awaken the sick man's mind for the reception of this most excellent viaticum and remind him that when he is about to partake of this incorruptible food he should humble himself with the centurion and according to a most ancient custom of the Church should say: "Lord I am not worthy" &c.

"No one fittingly partakes unless he has previously adored"—this, I think, is the maxim which led to the elaborate questionings of which we find mention in so many early rituals, whether Communion was given in the sick room or in the public church. In Lady Margaret's case Blessed John Fisher records

how heartily she answered when the Holy Sacrament containing the Blessed Jesu in it was holden before her and the question made unto her whether she believed that there was verily the Son of God that suffered His blessed Passion for her and all mankind upon the Cross. Many here can bear record, how with all her heart and soul she made answer thereunto and confessed assuredly that in that sacrament was contained Christ Jesu, the Son of God, that died for wretched sinners upon the Cross, in whom wholly she put her trust and confidence.³

Both in the Sarum Use and that of York the priest is directed to ask the same question concerning the sick man's faith in the real presence, and it is noteworthy that he is in-

¹ *Rituale Romanum*, Tit. iv. cap. 1, n. 3, "et utroque genu flexo Sacramentum humiliter adoret ac reverenter suscipiant."

² *Ibid.* Tit. iv. cap. 4, n. 16.

³ Bridgett, *ibid.* p. 255.

vited to express his belief that both Body and Blood are found under the species of bread.¹

And afterwards (i.e. after Extreme Unction) let the priest ask the sick man in the following terms whether he acknowledges (*recognoscat*) the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

"Brother, dost thou believe that the Sacrament that is handled upon the altar in the form of bread is the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

Let the sick man answer saying: "I do believe."

Then let him give the sick man communion unless he has previously communicated and unless there be probable fear of his vomiting or of some other irreverence: in which case let the Priest say this to the sick man:

"Brother in this case true faith and a good will are sufficient for thee; only believe and thou hast eaten."²

In Spain these interrogations before administering holy Viaticum received an extreme development. At Burgos and at Valencia a long series of six or seven questions were asked, and these in sum amounted to a more or less complete profession of the principal mysteries of the faith. The cross or crucifix was also presented to the sick man, who was bidden to respond, "I adore Thee, O Christ, and I bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou has redeemed the world."³ At Seville the priest, among other questions in the vernacular, asked:

Do you believe that this is the true Body of God, of my Lord Jesus Christ, which I hold in my hands, and that the priest, sinner though he be, saying at the altar those same sacred words which Jesus Christ said to His disciples on the Thursday of the Last Supper, changes the bread into flesh and the wine into blood, (constituting) the whole Body of Jesus Christ?

Resp: I do believe.⁴

Recourse was also occasionally had to this method of awakening the faith and devotion of intending communicants, even

¹ A similar profession of faith attesting belief that both Body and Blood are contained in the Host was exacted at Salzburg. Further, in many continental Rituals the form for administering the Host mentioned both Body and Blood together. Thus in the Mechlin *Pastorale* of 1589 the priest first said *Accipe, frater, Viaticum*, &c., and then added, "Corpus et Sanguis Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam, Amen. Pax tecum." At Salzburg (*Agenda*, 1575) the form was "Corpus et Sanguis D.N.J.C. conservet et custodiat te in vitam æternam. Amen." Of course nothing was given to the sick man except the one species of bread.

² *York Manual*, Ed. Henderson, p. 51.

³ See e.g. the Valencia *Ordinarium* of 1514, fol. 88.

⁴ *Manuale*, Seville, 1494, signature, l. 1.

when the Blessed Sacrament was distributed in a public church. For example, in one of the Rituals in use in Rome before the publication in 1614 of the official *Rituale Romanum*, we read:

Then the priest turning to the communicants asks them if they are all confessed of their sins and reconciled with their neighbours. . . . Then he takes the chalice (*calicem*) or pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament and holding up a particle above the chalice he asks them—supposing he thinks it desirable, regard being had to the character of the place and the congregation—

"Do ye believe this to be the true Body of Christ which was delivered to death for us." Everyone answers "I do believe."

Then he asks them again "Do ye believe whatever the holy Catholic and Roman Church believes?" They answer "I do believe."

Then the priest adds "Let each one of you say: 'Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof but say only the word and my soul shall be healed.'" And this let him repeat a second and a third time.¹

In many German rituals it is directed that the communicants, whether in the sick room, or in the church, should be aided in acquiring the proper dispositions of humility by the recitation in common of a longer or shorter confession of guilt. This, especially in its longer form—both the Salzburg *Agenda* of 1575 and Castello's *Liber Sacerdotalis* of 1524 supply examples—is much more detailed than our ordinary *Confiteor*; while even the shorter forms differ a good deal from that to which we are accustomed. Here is a specimen from the Brixen *Sacerdotale* of 1609. The priest, speaking in German, is directed to address the communicants as follows:

Prepare your hearts for the worthy reception of this venerable Sacrament and say after me the general confession.

I, a poor sinful man, confess to God Almighty, to Mary His blessed Mother, and to all God's saints that I have often and grievously sinned by evil thoughts, words and deeds, and by the omission of many good works. For these and all my other sins I am truly sorry and they weigh heavy upon my heart. I have also a firm purpose to amend my life in future. For this reason I beat my guilty breast and say with the public sinner (*mit dem*

¹ *Rituale Sacramentorum Romanum*, Rome, 1584. The book was edited by Cardinal Santoris and it was suppressed by Pope Paul V., but apparently only for some technical reason.

offnen sündler,=publicanus!) "O God be merciful to me a sinner."

In this same Brixen book a curious direction occurs that the priest, after repeating the *Domine non sum dignus* and before distributing Holy Communion, is to say, *In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me Domine Deus veritatis*, and this even when Communion is given during Mass.

Before the publication of the authoritative *Rituale Romanum* a good deal of liberty seems in all cases to have been left to the priest to take such steps as he thought desirable to secure the reverent reception of the Sacrament. A Roman book of similar purport, which was frequently reprinted under the title of *Ordo Baptizandi, &c.*,¹ does not hesitate to recommend admonition and remonstrance even at the holy table itself:

But while he (the priest) distributes Holy Communion let him admonish those who hardly open their mouth, or who raise their tongue too high or who put it out too far, that they should so open their mouth that the Sacrament should not remain between their lips or slip under their tongue. And let him place the Blessed Sacrament carefully in the mouths of those who receive, and let him neither leave it there nor withdraw his hand before he sees it safely in the mouth, so that it may not by his fault fall on to the ground or anywhere else.²

The same book recommends that after Communion the priest should exhort those who have received to thank God for this great benefit, to persevere in prayer and to change their manner of life that they may the better retain the fruits of the Sacrament. The separation of the sexes, with which St. Charles Borromeo deals so fully in his *Instructiones Pastorum*, is here emphasized more than in the official *Rituale* of 1614:³

Let him earnestly take care that in receiving the Holy Eucharist the men be so separated from the women that they cannot look at each other either face to face or even sideways (*ut nedum ex adverso sed ne ex obliquo quidem sese mutuo conspicere possint*). On which account let him either distribute Communion to them in different places, or else not at the same time, so that parties of men and women in alternation may succeed each other in coming to the altar.⁴

¹ I quote from the Junta edition of 1596, printed at Venice.

² *Ordo Baptizandi, &c.* (Junta, 1596), pp. 29, 30.

³ *Rituale Romanum*, Tit. iv. cap. 1, n. 3.

⁴ *Ordo Baptizandi et alia Sacramenta administrandi*, Venice, apud Juntas, 1596.

Apart from Easter, and possibly one or two other days of general Communion, no provision at all seems to have been made in the sixteenth century for casual communicants. If such there were, they gave notice at the beginning of Mass, and the priest consecrated a few Hosts expressly for them. The *Rituale Romanum* (Tit. iv., cap. 1, n. 5) still speaks of "some few particles" (*aliquot particulae*) to be kept in the tabernacle,¹ and it is curious to notice that the Brixen *Sacerdotale* of 1609 directs that the number of these reserved particles, while varying with the size of the parish and the special circumstances of the locality, should never be less than four or more than fifteen. Lastly we may notice that the priests of those days evidently found a difficulty in persuading their parishioners to make a proper thanksgiving. Cardinal Santoris' *Rituale Sacramentorum* urges that the people should be bidden "at least to say the Lord's prayer and the Hail Mary twice or thrice, and the Apostles' Creed once, before departing." Still this was probably a minimum intended to be exacted from those who were altogether illiterate. Moreover even these are urged to give the rest of the day to God by attending the Church services. In any case let me note that St. Charles Borromeo, at least, in his *Instructions to Parish Priests*, was somewhat more exacting in his requirements about thanksgiving.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Let us note that the *Rituale Romanum* here directs that the tabernacle should as far as possible be ornamented. *Ornato* in the rubric belongs to *tabernaculo*, not to *velo*.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

WAR NEWS, GENUINE AND SPURIOUS

THE *Times* for August 11th, in its "Through German Eyes" column, had the following paragraph:

A German Jesuit, named Bernhard Duhr, has published recently at Munich a curious little volume called "The Spirit of Lies in the War of Peoples." In his preface the author not unjustly points to various fictions published at the beginning of the war in many newspapers—such as that of the Crown Prince's suicide, and that of the disappearance of the Duke of Brunswick. But the volume itself is a long list of German lies which were carefully investigated by a German clerical organisation and refuted in every case by German official statements.

It is very difficult under present circumstances to obtain books published in a country with which we are at war. But we gather that Father Duhr has written a book in which he sets himself to vindicate the Belgian clergy from the charges made against them of firing upon the German troops, and generally of stirring up the Belgian civilians to commit atrocities for which, according to the story current in Germany, they were deservedly put to death in great numbers by the authorities of the invading army. Father Duhr is known especially for his *Jesuitenjabeln*, in which he has skilfully and patiently traced to their tainted sources the majority of the fabulous stories against the Jesuits, which, since their Order became recognized as doing some good work in defence of the Catholic Church, have been the principal instruments in the campaign of calumny intended to divest them of their good name. That he should now be writing to rebut the incredible charges against the Belgian clergy is just what we should have expected of him. It is nice, too, to find that these charges, which have been so emphatically challenged and denied in Belgium itself by men of the stamp of Cardinal Mercier and Bishop Heylen, have been investigated in Germany by a German clerical organization, and "refuted in every case by German official statements." The German clerical organization in question is doubtless the *Pax Verein*

of German Catholic priests, which was established at the Catholic Congress at Aachen in 1912, and has now its headquarters at Cologne. Of its three objects, the first was to investigate calumnious statements against the Catholic clergy, and, just before the war broke out, the English Catholic Truth Society was getting into relations with it, as with similar bodies in other countries having the same object. That it should be vindicating the honour of the Belgian clergy is a piece of news one cannot but welcome as a rare gleam of light in a darkened sky.

But the *Times*, in referring to this defence of the Belgian clergy, expresses regret that "these German Catholics confine themselves to lies that were libels upon Belgian and German clergy," and it goes on to specify some other monstrous allegations that had been circulated in Germany to the discredit of the Belgian people, as that of putting out the eyes of German soldiers, materialized in such forms as that "a ten-year old boy had been caught on a Belgian battle-field carrying a whole bucketful of soldiers' eyes," or, as several Berlin newspapers declared, that "Belgian prisoners were found to have their pockets full of fingers." As we have no knowledge of the exact contents of Father Duhr's book we cannot say how far he does or does not refer to calumnies against other Belgians, as well as those against Belgian priests, but surely it is intolerable that a writer should be charged with approving of all these other calumnies, merely because in his book he confines himself to one class of calumnies. Probably the charges against the clergy were taken up in Germany by the many anti-Catholic agencies over there which are always seeking by such inventions to discredit the Catholic Church and its clergy, and this brought that particular class of calumny against Belgians within the scope of the *Pax Verein*.

One word about the title of Father Duhr's book. We only know it through the English translation given by the *Times*. The word *Lüge* is used much more freely in Germany than is considered courteous in this country in the use of the corresponding word "lie." This has to be taken into account if the mass of false news current in the belligerent countries is to be appraised at its true moral value. Some of it no doubt is deliberately and maliciously fabricated, and is therefore not unfairly described as sheer lying. But the great body of it is due, not to the spirit of lying, but rather to that spirit of over-readiness to believe what is desired, which,

when accompanied by inability to exercise a critical judgment on evidence, will always be characteristic of the generality of mankind. But in this country, and let us hope in Germany also, to judge by the *Pax Verein*, this over-credulous spirit of some minds is balanced by the judicial character of others, and we are entitled to claim for ourselves as a nation that, led by the latter class of minds we have done our best to resist the influence of bias and of unfounded charges, especially where the honour of other nations is implicated. And we may take as an illustration of this the Report of the Commission appointed by Parliament to investigate critically these allegations of atrocities committed in Belgium and France by the German troops.

We wish that fair-minded Germans, like the members of the *Pax Verein*, could study the Report of this Commission, commonly called Lord Bryce's Commission. Probably it is not possible for a document of that kind to obtain admission into Germany. But were it so, it would testify to the pains taken in this country to separate doubtful evidence from solid evidence, in judging of the behaviour of the German soldiers towards the Belgian civil population. This Commission took the deposition of innumerable witnesses, entrusting to a number of experienced lawyers the task of testing their value, by examination and cross-examination, according to the methods followed in the Courts of Justice, taking note of the intelligence and demeanour of each deponent, and in their report, stating how far each witness made a good impression or aroused suspicion. They also compared the evidence thus taken with the evidence of other witnesses, with the German proclamations that were posted up in Belgium, and with the diaries of the German soldiers left behind in their trenches, when these were taken by the Allies. The Commissioners tell us that they entered upon their task in doubt whether any positive result could be obtained, but the further they went the more their scepticism was reduced.

The experienced lawyers [they add] who took the depositions tell us they passed from the same stage of doubt into the same stage of conviction. They also began their work in a sceptical spirit, expecting to find much of the evidence coloured by passion or prompted by an excited fancy. But they were impressed by the general moderation and matter-of-fact level-headedness of the witnesses. We have interrogated them, [*i.e.*, these lawyers] particularly regarding some of the most startling and shocking

incidents which appear in the evidence laid before us, and where they expressed doubt we have excluded the evidence, admitting it as regards cases in which they stated that the witnesses seemed to them to be speaking the truth, and that they themselves believed that the incidents referred to have happened.

That is the way to arrive at the genuine facts, and no one surely who reads the Report of the Bryce Commission, together with the Appendices, which give the depositions and authentic documents on which it is based, can fail to be convinced of the truth of what it attests. This, however, does not mean that it brings home the atrocities that have horrified the world to the German troops as a whole. On the contrary, the Report itself makes the distinction, and acknowledges the kindly character of many sections of the German army.

S. F. S.

BEQUESTS FOR SECULARIST OBJECTS.

THE judgment of the Court of Appeal, given on July 30th, in the *Bowman* Will case, has, as some of our papers have already pointed out, an indirect interest for Catholics in this country. The testator in question made a will on September 14, 1905, by which he left his residuary estate in trust for the Secular Society, Ltd. On his death the heir-at-law and next-of-kin disputed the validity of this bequest, as contrary to public policy, it being a gift tending to the subversion of the Christian religion. The common law has been held from a far back period to invalidate bequests having this tendency, and among other precedents cited by the side which disputed this recent will was a case that came into Court as late as 1868, when a contract to let a room for lectures was held not to be binding for the case of a lecturer who proposed to prove that the character of Christ was defective, and His teaching misleading. Now, however, in the *Bowman* Will case a finding wholly inconsistent with that of 1868 appears to have prevailed. In the memorandum of the [Secular Society] (we quote from the *Law Times* for August 7th) it was stated that the objects for which it was formed were (*inter alia*) "To promote in such ways as may be from time to time determined, the principle that human conduct should be based on natural knowledge not on supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action." One would have thought

that organized action for subverting belief in the supernatural, and discrediting action directed to the attainment of that future life which Christianity holds out to man as his destiny, could not be regarded as less than an endeavour to subvert Christianity. But the Court of First Instance decided unhesitatingly that "the memorandum contained nothing subversive of morality or contrary to law"; and the Court of Appeal has now sustained this decision of the lower court. Evidently there was an underlying difference of opinion as to the nature of morality between the judges of 1868 and the judges now in office, a difference which it is impossible not to associate with the change of public opinion during the same interval, the Christian religion at the former date being that generally held in the country, but having ceased to be so held at the present day.

In making this comment we have no wish to quarrel with the recent decision. There is much to be said in favour of interpreting the law into harmony with the general state of opinion in the country, and our modern judges are much bolder in introducing these interpretations than were their predecessors of former times. But, if gifts for the subversion of the Christian religion are held to be valid, provided they do not violate that section of the moral code which regulates social relations between man and man, what about bequests for Masses to be said for the soul of the testator? There is nothing surely in the custom of saying Masses of this kind which can be regarded as inconsistent with the laws of morality ordinarily recognised, if that term is to be understood in the same sense and with the same extension of limitation as is defined in the memorandum of the Secular Society. On the contrary the custom is cherished not only by the largest and oldest religious society in Christendom, but by the very best men and women in that society, men and women many of whom have been the shining lights of morality in the world. Moreover, if it be said that the objection to Masses for the dead, as being superstitious usages, is a matter of positive enactment, then it is well that our countrymen, who are not as bigoted now as formerly, and at least believe firmly in religious liberty, should be reminded of the very dubious morality that inspired the original act of legislation by which these bequests are held to be invalidated. For the *fontes et origo* of the evil is in an Act of the first year of Edward VI., the year when the boy king came under the domination of a

brood of rapacious scoundrels, intent on enriching themselves with the goods of the Church. The preamble of that Act recites that "a great part of superstition and errors in Christian religion has been brought into the minds and estimations of men by reason of the ignorance of the very true and perfect salvation through the death of Jesus Christ, and by devising and fantasizing vain opinions of Purgatory and masses satisfactory to be done for them which be departed"; and then, in its operative part, goes on to transfer all property left for such purposes in the past to the King, "for the founding of schools and other good purposes," the nature of which latter we can easily conjecture. Why should an antiquated Statute of this kind, claiming to enforce a doctrinal position which few now-a-days accept, be allowed to impede the pious wishes of Catholic testators? Why cannot our judges next time an opportunity offers indulge in a little exercise of that practice of interpretation which is so freely employed on behalf of the secularists?

S. F. S.

II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Essentials of Permanent Peace.

If this is really going to be the last war, so far as this generation can arrange things, there is much more to do than merely accomplishing the destruction of Prussian militarism—the spirit that aims at national preponderance by armed force. A stable peace demands a general diffusion of justice: so long as injustice, which repudiates moral arguments, exists it will be necessary to oppose it by force. The State cannot ever hope to dispense altogether with police nor the States with armies. But justice, like charity, begins at home: a moral community is composed of moral individuals. Our very zeal for justice abroad should prompt us to war against those social evils that so weaken and degrade our civilization, and that all have their root in excessive love of money and pleasure. It is very true that in peace-time are produced, not only the means of making war, but the evil desires and purposes that cause it. Unless Christianity is employed to correct, by its wholesome discipline, those eternally springing unjust aims, God must secure His end in the only other way compatible with man's freedom, *i.e.*, by allowing sin to work itself out to its punishment in war. If Christian charity does not avail to teach us as a community regard for our brother's rights in our social intercourse with him, we are not likely to be solicitous for the rights of strangers. If then we ignore God

and Christian morality in legislation and the conduct of public affairs, if we regard only man's temporal life in our schemes of social progress, if we tolerate crying evils like sweating and white slavery and infant mortality—preventable things—in a Christian community, need we wonder that war will recur? The heroic sacrifice of life in Flanders, France, and Gallipoli will be in vain if it does not purge us of selfishness, self-righteousness, and hypocrisy. Our histories, full of national glorification, need to be re-written, for patriotism should not be fed on falsehood: our Froudes and Carlyles should be put on the shelf with Treitschke.

It is discouraging to see Catholics repeating in the Press that human nature is unchangeable and, therefore, war is inevitable. That pessimistic note ignores the power and function of Christianity in the world. As that creed has banished or curbed so many seemingly inveterate evils, why set a limit to its powers? To say war is inevitable is equivalently to say that inter-State relations can never be Christianized. If only enough powerful nations, recognizing the folly and waste of war, would band together to keep the peace of the world, war could be reduced to an occasional punitive expedition against recalcitrants. Let us rather encourage the conviction that war, like civil disturbance in an ordered State, can be kept down and rendered rare by the forces of law. Why should not all nations dwell together, as do the United States and Canada? The latter is now denuding itself of its natural defenders, in spite of the fact that its thousands of miles of frontier lie exposed to the teeming millions of its neighbour. And it does so without misgiving, such is its confidence in the latter's sense of justice.

**Wanted: clear
thought on
War and Peace.**

Further looseness of language, on the other hand, is found in those who speak of war as a devilish thing, as irredeemably evil, as an outburst of savagery, and so forth. War is a two-sided affair, and may be either an heroic struggle for liberty, religion, and justice, or merely murder and brigandage on a large scale, according to the character of its aims and motives and procedure. War, moreover, may be waged in a Christian fashion, and, although in itself a barbarous instrument, may be the only one available to further civilization. If God's law has its ultimate sanction in physical punishment, it is not unnatural that human laws, supposing them to be just, should rely in the last resort upon force. When men refuse to be controlled by reason, they descend to the plane of the brute and can be dealt with only on that plane. This is merely common sense but worth mentioning, for the opposition to war loses in effectiveness if pursued on irrational grounds.

Equally wild and misleading are expressions like the following, which is quoted from a Catholic author by the *Scottish Review*—"The cruelties of war can hardly be greater than the cruelties of peace." As war is not necessarily cruel, still less is peace. Cruelty is an effect of a disordered will, for the freer exercise of which both war and peace may provide occasion. But the cause of the cruelty is that voluntary moral perversion, not any extrinsic circumstances. Peace does not weaken the moral fibre, but want of self-discipline does, which yields to the seductions of material prosperity produced by peace, or absence of exterior control through which weak characters are kept straight. Peace, which means the establishment of universal justice and the permanent repression of injustice, is the goal of all worthy human endeavour, and war is the occasionally necessary instrument to effect that end.

**Christian Aims
in
Warfare.**

A book reviewed in our June number, Mr. John Oman's *The War and its Issues*, presents in convenient summary the proper attitude of the (actually) militant Christian. He says first—*We should never accept war as eternally necessary*, although submissive to its discipline until we have provided by means of the "far austerer discipline of the service of love," some moral equivalent for it. Secondly—*We must never consent to fight merely for a material triumph*, but be concerned with the spiritual issues, the triumph of justice at home and abroad, on a scale proportionate to the sacrifice of human life. Thirdly—*We can have no part in any gospel of hate*, for that ignores our essential unity with our brother, the enemy, in origin and destiny. This, too, is elementary Christianity, yet how often ignored even by the pious! And how increasingly denied by unbalanced minds like the poet's who spoke the other day of "human beings—and Germans." Lastly—*We must recognize that a peace to be abiding must be established in righteousness*, that is, we must do what we can in the settlement not to sow the seed from which may justly spring future wars.

These "musts," both as affecting disposition and conduct, seem well worthy of general consideration at this crisis.

**The War
and
the Supernatural.**

We have all of us heard by this time of the "Angels of Mons"—how in the glorious but terrible retreat of the eighty thousand, when it seemed impossible that the Expeditionary Force could be saved from annihilation—something happened. What it was nobody knows, all that appears is that endless people have talked to others who had heard from somebody else that something happened. There was a "yellow mist" or a "cloud

of light," and voices were heard; the cloud assumed varying forms, it was a choir of angels, or it was a company of phantom British bowmen; the voices changed to singing or to the twang of good yew bows. In the same kind are the tales of what happened at Vitry-le-François, where the German onset reached its furthest point. The French saw the Blessed Maid; the English saw St. George. There is the story of the Wesleyan Methodist Lancashire Fusilier, who incontinently made for the nearest presbytery and demanded a medal of St. George, because he had seen him, in golden armour, on a white horse leading the British where the Allies turned. There was the man of the R.F.A., who recognized him because of the likeness to the figure on the British gold coin—though there he has no armour—and, moreover, had actually heard him speak. What could be more convincing (to an artillery driver) than the Saint's words—"Come along boys! I'll put the kybosh on the devils"? It need hardly be said that so far nobody has yet come forward to testify that he himself either saw or heard. The evidence is uniformly of the nature of "telling us what the soldier said," which was so summarily ruled out by Stareleigh, J., in a famous case. Though the apparitions were notorious, and "everybody was talking of them," it is not a little significant that first-hand witnesses in so great a cloud should have conspired with one accord to veil in secrecy what must surely have been one of the most extraordinary experiences of their lives.

**Credulity
in
strange places.**

Yet such considerations have not deterred our hard-headed race from interest in the story. Has not the President of the National Federation of Free Church Councils, Sir Joseph Compton Rickett, pronounced from his exalted seat that powers and principalities are fighting visibly on our side? Has not Dr. Horton, most pious and charming of men when you can keep him off Jesuits, most credulous of men provided the thaumaturgy be non-ecclesiastical, preached on the "angels" at Manchester? Has not Dean Hensley Henson found the infiltration of superstition in this matter to be so gravely menacing as to require one of his most gloomy and acidulated protests? Has not Bishop Taylor Smith (the actual and personal representative in the Army of the Supreme Governor of our Established Religion) also found it necessary to intervene with judicious words? And have not the columns of the half-penniest of our great half-penny journals been overflowing night by night for weeks with theories, explanations, ideas, suggestions? The phenomenon is comparable only to the great legend of the hairy Russians who were visible to the eye of faith last autumn anywhere on any possible line of travel between Archangel and Boulogne, or to the tales current

on the Bavarian country-side of the hundred thousand naked Zulus swarming in Flanders, or of the army of ten thousand suffragettes, with a full complement of artillery and machine-guns, disembarked at Dieppe.

**A strange
dénouement.**

And now comes the most extraordinary of all *dénouements*. A very popular journalist, Mr. Arthur Machen, has come forward with an explanation. "Alone I did it" is his claim. Being asked by the *Evening News* some ten months ago for a "short story," which was to be of strong "war interest," he wrote and published on September 29, 1914, his tale entitled *The Bowmen*. It was an impression of that "furnace of torment and death" which was the great retreat:

In the midst of the flame, consumed by it yet aureoled in it, was the British Army, martyred and for ever glorious. So I saw our men with a shining about them, so I took these thoughts with me to church, and I am sorry to say was making up a story in my head while the deacon was singing the Gospel.

The story, and others, appeared, and it was not long before inquiries poured in whether or not it was founded on fact. Of course Mr. Machen's explanations availed nothing to prevent other people stating positively that it *was* founded on fact. From that it was of course but a short step to the statement that "as a matter of fact it is known that the whole thing was given him in typoscript." By April this year Mr. Machen was being roundly accused of claiming as the product of his pen a story, whose "main facts *must* be true." Soon variants began to appear. Mr. Machen's "Bowmen of Mons" became St. George—an officer on leave saw a fancy picture of the Saint which hangs in a well known vegetarian restaurant near Charing Cross and at once recognized it as the figure he had seen on the battle-field. Also corroborating details came to light—dead Prussians found on the battle-field with arrow wounds in their bodies. And to complete the transformation of the story to meet the taste of English Protestantism, we find the bowmen and St. George at last giving place to the "angels." For we all know that Saints are grave objects of superstition, while angels—well, the prime favourite of the parish concert-platform is still the ballad wherein in the second verse the pious choirboy, or the happy innocent, or whatever it is, dies lugubriously in the minor, and in the third verse becomes an "angel in heaven" accompanied by much beating of wings, in the major, on the upper portion of the keyboard.

**And an
explanation.**

The amazing vogue of such stories may well provoke some reflection upon our national mentality. As Mr. Machen himself asks: how is it that "a nation plunged in materialism of the grossest kind has accepted idle rumours and gossip of the supernatural as certain truth"? His own explanation seems to us, if not exhaustive, at least to point to one important factor in the case:

The answer is contained in the question. It is precisely because our whole atmosphere is materialist that we are ready to credit anything—save the truth. Separate a man from good drink, and he will swallow methylated spirit with joy. It took advanced thinkers, Freethinkers, to believe in Madame Blavatsky and Mahatmas.

And the blame is to rest, according to Mr. Machen, on the exponents of that religion which offers the people stones for bread. Make religion merely "rational," "common-sense," with no "nonsense" about it, and this is the result. After all

Christianity is *the* Mystery Religion. Its priests are called to an awful and tremendous hierurgy; its pontiffs are to be path-finders, the bridge-makers between the world of sense and the world of spirit.

If in fact they pass their time in preaching, "not the eternal mysteries but a twopenny morality," it need not cause surprise if human nature revolts in a search, however ill-directed, after something supernatural.

**The comments
of a
Catholic.**

Thus far Mr. Machen, and undoubtedly as far as he goes, his diagnosis is correct. But we incline to feel that just as his judgment on our national materialism is over-severe (who, in view of the facts of to-day, can doubt it?), so he allows too little for a certain element of good mixed up with the credulity these tales have excited. They testify, anyhow, to a desire for the supernatural, however ill-ordered. Moreover, their moral complexion is to our mind very different from that of the prophecy-mongering about which we have had so much to say in these pages. The latter ministered to a diseased curiosity, to the desire to dabble in the secrets of the future, to encroach upon that which the Almighty has forbidden to man. The "angel" stories at least are free from that taint. They rather point to the spirit that acknowledges God, that confesses that to His Arm and not to our own is due whatever deed we may achieve, whatever deliverance we may experience. Of course it is commonplace that God can and does bring good out of evil. The war

is a crowning example. And we cannot but feel that there is more likelihood of good being brought out of the stories of the "Angels of Mons," and the like, than out of the cabalistic prophecy-mongering. Still over-credulity in regard to such quasi-religious rumours is unhealthy in itself, and reacts unfortunately on the minds of those who, in a country like ours, are over-apt to confound the well-established truths on which our religion rests with these fictitious props to belief in the supernatural.

**A striking
contrast.**

Catholics may turn with different feelings to the reports that reach us from a spot where credulity is not encouraged, and where evidence, overwhelming from the simply human point of view, is demanded before any fact is put forward for public acceptance as a manifestation of the supernatural. At a time when practically every town in France is turned into an hospital it is not surprising to hear that the white trains of Pilgrimage bearing their burden of suffering to Our Lady of Lourdes are being largely supplanted by those of the Red Cross. Nor is it surprising to hear that the symbol of our salvation bears a doubly-blessed meaning when conveying wounded to the Pyrenean shrine. The Bishop of Lourdes has testified to some of the results. "We have already seen," he writes, "among our wounded wonderful cases of cures where the science of physicians and of surgeons was in despair, and, even if all the broken bones are not miraculously cured, the Most Holy Virgin at least comforts all the souls, soothes the bruised hearts, and inspires motherly charity on behalf of the sick and wounded." And not the least touching feature of the town to-day is the sight of the wounded Catholic enemy whom the fortune of war has brought from so far away to the great shrine. "We are indeed the favoured ones," they say—and surely with good cause. Such incidents alone would hallow even this terrible war with memories of our Lady's consolation, even if they stood alone. But by no means do they do so, as the almost weekly "Pilgrimages of Penance" now being offered for France testify, as well as the devotions paid by soldiers on their way to the great trial—like the two regiments of Chasseurs that came *en masse* early in the war to seek corporately our Lady's blessing on their great adventure.

**A notable
pronouncement.**

Many of us have waited long for a sign from the better mind of Germany that "militarismus" is not the only philosophy of the Teutonic race. It is easy to understand why realization of our hope is so long deferred. The mind of Germany, which numbers *gemüthlichkeit*, docility, amongst its most

prominent characteristics, has been told by its Prussian masters that the Fatherland is waging a defensive war, and it passively accepts the falsehood. All the rest follows. Still, there have been signs of uneasiness, and it is from the Catholic South that one of the most welcome of these manifestations reaches us. No one can doubt the patriotism of Professor Foerster, of Munich, whose remarkable protest against Militarism is brought within the reach of the English public in the current number of *Goodwill*. Indeed, his references to certain incidents in British Imperial expansion, extremely one-sided if not entirely without basis, and his views about the late Prince Bismarck's achievements, show a pretty complete national as well as anti-British bias. But at least they lend all the greater weight to the article in the April number of *Die Friedenswarte für zwischenstaatliche Organisation*, of which he himself says: "I would wish my present utterance to be considered a protest against the idea that the words of Treitschke and Bernhardi are the last word of German political thought," whilst elsewhere he describes both these writers as "thinking in a one-sided Prussian manner and speaking rather as representatives of a warlike tradition than of a great tradition of culture."

**Realpolitik
and
Righteousness.**

This "warlike" tradition, materialist and heathen, Professor Foerster links up with the doctrines of Macchiavelli and with the revolt of so large a part of Europe from the teaching and discipline of the Catholic Church. The two theories of the State stand out strongly contrasted: "The shaping and self-preservation of a united State is generally regarded as a kind of natural phenomenon which proceeds outside the realm of ethical powers and judgments. Politics are looked on as a play of masses in which the laws of dynamics are alone valid, and where it is indeed an ethical duty to sacrifice personal scruples to the dynamic necessities. . . . It is my conviction that this materialisation of the principle of power, this freeing of the State from all thoughts of law, has exercised a most corrupting influence upon our generation." Over against this pagan conception, Professor Foerster sets the alternative. "Religion and Poetry are full of faith in the sure and inevitable coercion of Righteousness. In the *Oresteia* of Æschylus are the words: 'God does not forget the murderers of peoples.' Has it not been singular how, in this world-war, each one of the nations has taken the utmost pains to prove that it has not the moral guilt of the war?" So far, as we ourselves pointed out last month, the Christian tradition has not failed in our midst.

**"Scraps of Paper"
and
their force.**

Such testimony may seem somewhat hard to appreciate when it comes from the mouth of a professed defender of that belligerent nation which has treated Belgium in a way only too sadly recalling Professor Foerster's quotation from Æschylus. On this point the Professor makes a curious point which we may notice as a remarkable example of confused thinking. Very acutely he points out as one of the causes which led European politics into the false position of the last twenty years, the fact that *Realpolitik* has "attempted to reckon with the new realities, not by really constructive work, which would have done justice to the extraordinary and rapidly increasing independence of all the peoples," but by an "artificial" system of "bargaining and intriguing," which has resulted in a series of "complex and obscurely-worded" treaties, which "have so increased the occasions of world-war that this was bound to come with automatic certainty." No doubt the Professor puts his finger on a danger-point, and he may have persuaded himself in good faith that the guarantee of Belgian neutrality was a treaty of such a kind. To the plain mind it is rather the German-made treaty of Bucharest that would come into this category. But let that pass. Even so, surely the Professor's "automatic certainty" betrays that very fallacy of materialism he elsewhere so scathingly condemns. The whole point of the political philosophy he opposes to that of Treitschke lies in the will of man ethically to dominate circumstance, and if this or that man or aggregate of men have chosen, for certain ends, to pledge their action in a certain sense, what is it but Bernhardi-ism to say that "automatic certainty" may overrule their course in an opposite sense? At any rate, to our mind the piling up of armaments in intolerable competition seems more likely to have been the root of an evil "automatic certainty" than the accumulation of treaties, however "complex and obscurely-worded."

**Sociology
and Ethics.**

We would not, however, part with Professor Foerster without one more quotation in which we can heartily concur. The ultimate root of the evil, as he clearly sees, is the abandonment, by whatever nation and in whatever degree, of the historic faith and discipline of Christendom. "The religious and ecclesiastical canonization of the supremacy of conscience has, since the Renaissance, become feeble in steadily widening circles without anything new replacing it; consequently in countless souls to-day the ends of State have gained once more a fully heathen superiority to the moral ends. Macchiavelli, the great founder of inductive political science, was himself entangled in a quite imperfect induction, and his sociology, in spite of its dazzling

theses, is only the sociology of the man-at-arms, a sociology which has no idea of the spiritual conditions of State order, but is entangled in a purely physical view of political processes." We could only wish that the Professor's fine and noble alternative philosophy were shared by those who have so long had the moulding of his country and his country's mind: "The health of the soul is at the same time the health of society. For the ethical energy with which the State overcomes all centrifugal forces is derived only from the ethical energy with which the conscience conquers human passions. . . . For religion the great hour will first strike when heathenism vanishes from politics, when the bankruptcy of the entire doctrine of power has been recognised and when the people understand that the light of life is given to bind all the influences of time with the eternal, and to derive from the eternal truths power for the life of the State."

**The Church and
the Municipality
in Rome.**

The Rome correspondent of *The Tablet* for August 21 reports a pleasant interchange of cordialities between the Circolo San Pietro, "the first charitable organization of Rome, and the chief of the Roman municipality." The Circolo has lately published accounts of its work in connection with the Abruzzi earthquake, and it sent copies of them to the communal authorities. In reply the pro-Syndic writes to them: "You courteously say that the Circolo was glad to respond to the invitation of the authorities of the city to assist. But these authorities well knew the precious help that was to be expected from the perfect organization, the keenness, and good-will of the Circolo. If what the Commune has done deserves applause, it is owing in very great part to the really noble action of the Circolo, and the self-sacrifice and devotion of the Sisters in charge of the different sections. Now six months after the tragedy, the report which you have sent me gives me the opportunity to pray you, Signor President, to convey the sincerest gratitude of the Commune of Rome to the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the Daughters of Charity, the Sisters of Ivrea, and the Sisters of Divine Pity of Savona; and all our thanks to you personally for putting at the service of Rome for any future emergency the work of your magnificent organization." The Prefect of Rome writes a similar letter of appreciation and thanks for the work of the Circolo San Pietro, which "by putting its organization into active service again for the benefit of the families of those called to the front, has gained a fresh title to the gratitude of the country." How different this from the spirit of the Nathan administration! May we see in it one of the signs of the dawn of a new era which will mark the settlement of the Roman Question on a basis of reconciliation between the Church and the civil power?

**Our duty to
our cats.**

That our domestic animals should be treated with kindness, and that those who treat them with cruelty should be punishable by law, is a point on which we are all agreed. Whether special hospitals should be provided where they can be cared for and medically treated when they suffer from accident or disease is another question. We can understand, indeed, why some special favourite among the cat or dog tribe should be tended even at some cost; nor is there any reason for finding fault with owners of such animals when they provide this treatment for their pets, provided always that they do not run into undue expenditure for the purpose, or neglect meanwhile the far higher claims of their brothers and sisters of the human race. But that, at a time of stress like the present, when all that we can possibly spare is required for our wounded soldiers, and others, who have been reduced to sore straits by the pressure of the war on their means of subsistence, we should receive an "urgent appeal" on behalf of a cats' home, may well excite surprise, and we do not wonder that the *Times* should have had a leader on August 18th, emphasizing the superfluousness of this inopportune charity. It is true the appeal is modestly worded, and comes from one who appreciates the overwhelming need of our soldiers and others. "It is dreadful," she says, "to have to ask for animals when our poor and the nation and our dear soldiers require so much." But she adds "the rescue work must go on." Why must it? We are told that of the cats brought to the home, eighty per cent are painlessly destroyed within twenty-four hours of their admittance. This, we suppose, comprises all those who are disabled when they come in, by sickness or injury. Why then incur heavy expense such as needs a public appeal to meet it, for the sake of the other twenty per cent? Some of these might perhaps be distributed among applicants who ask for a domestic cat. If there are still others left on the hands of their benefactors, why not let them be associated in the same fate with the eighty per cent? We must always remember that, charming as they can be, and deeply as we can become attached to them, they have no souls, so that death to them, if it comes in a painless form, causes them no loss of which they can be conscious. Of course, if there were any danger of the nation suffering from the dearth of mousers, it would be a reason for preserving the lives of a proportional number even at some expense. But that, we imagine, is a danger not to be apprehended.

III NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Contemplative Vocations [Father J. G. Arintero, O.P., in *Ciencia Tomista*, Aug. 1915, p. 337].

Liturgical Prayer in time of Public Calamity [Father de Santi, S.J., in *Civiltà Cattolica*, July 3, 1915, p. 18].

Marriage, Converts and the Impediments of [Rev. J. MacCarthy in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1915, p. 170]. The Bride's Marriage Vow [Rev. H. Thurston, S.J., in *Tablet*, Aug. 7, 1915, p. 168]. The Fable of the *fus primæ noctis* [Rev. H. Thurston, S.J., in the *Month*, Aug. 1915, p. 189]. The "Pauline Privilege" [J. H. Fisher, S.J., in *America*, July 24, 1915, p. 367].

Paul, St., Apostle or Reformer? [L. Murillo in *Razón y Fe*, Aug. 1915, p. 464].

Mystical Knowledge of God, Nature of [Dom Savinism Louisonet, O.S.B., in *Catholic Review*, July, 1915, p. 148].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism, The Severance from Rome [H. E. Hull in *Catholic Review*, July, 1915, p. 129].

Huss, John, and his "Martyrdom" [J. F. X. Murphy, S.J., in *America*, July 24, 1915, p. 370; v. also p. 375].

Spiritism, The Church and Modern [Rev. W. Leen in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1915, p. 140].

Y.M.C.A. in America; Methods and statistics [Father E. Garesché, S.J., in the *Queen's Work*, St. Louis, July and Aug. 1915].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Abyssinia, Catholicism in [Mgr. Demimuid in *Revue Pratique d'Apolo-gétique*, Aug. 1, 1915, p. 483; Aug. 15, 1915, p. 541].

Alfred, King, as Patron of Learning [Brother Leo in *Catholic World*, Aug. 1915, p. 598].

Athos and its Monks, Mount [Archibald Dunn in *Catholic Review*, July, 1915, p. 164].

Austria-Hungary, Catholicism in [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Aug. 1, 1915, p. 220].

Belgium, Municipal Resistance and Communal Life [Pierre Maes in *British Review*, Aug. 1915, p. 200].

Biblical School of Jerusalem, Twenty-five years' work in [M. J. La-grange in *Revue Biblique*, April, 1915, p. 248].

Coloma, S.J., Father Luis; His literary work [C. Equaia Ruiz in *Razón y Fe*, Aug. 1915, p. 513; cf. *Civiltà Cattolica*, Aug. 7, 1915, p. 261].

Cuba, Catholicism in [Rt. Rev. C. W. Currier in *Catholic Historical Review*, July, 1915, p. 128].

France and the War; The Catholic Bishops in the occupied areas [Comtesse de Courson in *Ave Maria*, July, 1915, p. 65].

Ireland; Trials of some Irish Missionaries, 1633 [Rev. J. P. Rushe, O.D.C., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug. 1915, p. 139]. The Epic, Tain Bo Coolney [Emily Hickey in *Catholic World*, Aug. 1915, p. 633].

Jesuit Society and the Teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas [Father B. de Heredia, O.P., in *Ciencia Tomista*, Aug. 1915, p. 388]. Apostolate of Father Rule, S.J., with bibliography [H. C. Schrugler in *Catholic Historical Review*, July, 1915, p. 164]. The German Jesuit Fathers of Bombay [Rev. C. R. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, July 24, 1915, p. 291; July 31, 1915, p. 301].

Music. Sidelights on German Art; "The Great Church-music Impos-ture" [Dr. R. R. Terry in *Musical Times*, Aug. 1, 1915, p. 457; v. *Tablet*, Aug. 7, 1915, p. 188, and C. Besse in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Aug. 15, 1915, p. 289].

Newfoundland, History of Catholicism in ["Talav an Eask" by Rev. P. W. Browne, in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug. 1915, p. 126].

Papal Neutrality and the Pope's appeal of July 28th [Text, *Tablet*, Aug. 7, 1915, p. 177; *Civiltà Cattolica*, Aug. 7, 1915, p. 257; and Aug. 21, 1915, p. 385]. M. René Bazin on [*Tablet*, Aug. 7, 1915, p. 171]. Holy See and the Neutrality of Belgium; Cardinal Gasparri's letter [*Tablet*, July 31, 1915, p. 137].

Plainsong; A Plea for a Revised Gregorian Tonale [Francis Burgess in *Musical Times*, Aug. 1, 1915, p. 469].

Popes, The; Introduction to the Study of Papal Armorialia [P. de Chaignon La Rose in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1915, p. 129].

Russia and the Church, Union between [N. Marini in *Bessarione*, June, 1915, p. 1].

Serbia; The Concordat of 1914 [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Fran-çais*, Aug. 15, 1915, p. 330].

Syria, France and the Church in, during the seventeenth century [René Risselhueber in *Études*, Aug. 20, 1915, p. 178].

REVIEWS

I—CATHOLIC MORAL TEACHING¹

A FEW months ago we had occasion to review the English translation, brought out by Joseph Wagner of New York, of a book on the *Freedom of Science*, by Professor Donat, of the University of Munich. Now we have from the same publisher the English translation of what we may well regard as a companion work by another Catholic German Professor, this time of the University of Münster, namely, Dr. Mausbach, on *Catholic Moral Teaching*. The two works are so like in character that we might well repeat our estimate of the former work as in all respects applicable to this. Both are endeavours to present the Catholic doctrine in systematic form and in a modern fashion, so as to make it intelligible to non-Catholic readers who will never put themselves to the labour of consulting the classical Latin treatises—save to skim from them dainty passages lending themselves to misrepresentation, when thus detached from context and handled by persons who will not try to understand their real meaning and significance. And both books are perfect mines of references to episodes of recent history where the Church's rule of authority or moral teaching has been attacked or defended.

It is a distinct improvement in our apologetic equipment to have such books in an English form, and we must feel grateful to the translator, who has done his work very well.

Some may in the present circumstances feel a prejudice against a book coming from a German source. But that would be foolish indeed. Useful information is of value for its own sake from whatever source it comes, besides which it is a comfort, amidst all the misunderstandings and separations of this fearful war, to feel, as we certainly can, that our fellow-Catholics, however much some of them may be victimized by the false news spread about, are united with us by the bond of religion in a common prayer that war may be

¹ *Catholic Moral Teaching and its Antagonists*. Viewed in the light of principle and contemporaneous history. By Joseph Mausbach, D.D., Professor at the University of Münster. Translated from the sixth revised and augmented German edition. By S. M. Buchanan, M.A. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. Pp. vi, 504. 10s. net. 1914.

conducted on Christian principles and peace may be restored in God's good time.

To another objection against a German book on Catholic morals, namely, that its illustrations may be too remote from English experience to be of much avail, we may reply by quoting a few words from the author's Preface to this translation, words which will also serve well to indicate the nature of the contents:

It is obvious [says Dr. Mausbach] that the demands made upon apologetics and upon the treatment of its subject, differ according to the various needs of different countries and peoples. However, it is just as obvious that the principles and most important points of controversy, especially in matters of morality, are to-day universal, and they recognise no intellectual boundaries.

In English- and German-speaking countries the influence of Protestant thought and sentiment is much the same. The accusations, partly malicious, against the practice of confession, against casuistry in morals, etc., find a ready reception with nearly all the opponents of the Church. Serious lack of understanding and radical misconception, regarding the conscience and its relation to God and Church authority, sin and salvation, the moral law and its relation to liberty, justification, interior and exterior action of grace, ecclesiastical and worldly life permeate contemporaneous non-Catholic theology and literature. To these must be added the important questions of public morality, of obedience to the State and Church, of economic independence and unity, Catholic organisation and permissible union of action with other creeds, all questions upon which even within the Church there exist differences of opinion that have led to important expressions of ecclesiastical authority. The discussion of such matters must arouse in every thinking man a lively interest, and there are many points in science and economics that interest equally the people of America, England, and Germany.

It would take us too far afield if we were to transcribe even a few of the many valuable illustrations. We must be content then to mention the patient and searching analysis of Professor Hermann's extraordinary misconceptions as to Catholic views on morality, the exhaustive treatment of the relation of the means to the end of human action, as also of the distinction between lawful and unlawful mental reservation, and the choice quotations from Luther, rationalistic pastors, and such-like people, which show who fall most under their condemnation; and again, on the respective claims of authority, ecclesiastical and civil, on the obedience of the subject, and of the sphere in which he must stand for his own independence.

2—CONCERNING SACRED SCRIPTURE¹

THE Cambridge Press has brought the production of text-books on the Bible to a rare pitch of perfection. A good map or two, an introduction dealing shortly and clearly with the main points that arise, notes equally concise and lucid, print small but very legible—these are features common to all the series which it has sent out. And yet we cannot but point out, with great regret, that the views which these series are popularizing are to a large extent unacceptable to Catholics. If we go on to express our regret that there is not a similar series of Catholic text-books, covering the whole Bible, to rival them, we do not forget that it is only by co-ordinated effort throughout the English-speaking world that a sufficient market could be secured and prices kept reasonably low. We trust we are not too sanguine if we see in the *Westminster Version*, which is in process of appearing, the fair promise of such co-ordinated biblical effort.

The volume at present before us belongs to the series, *The Revised Version for Schools*, the volumes of which are issued at a uniform price. The Book of Judges is of such great importance historically, especially if the claims of rationalistic criticism are to be weighed impartially, that the evidence which it supplies ought to be put before the reader such as it is in itself, without being twisted to suit the requirements of Wellhausen and other exponents of exegetic "frightfulness." And this is all the more the case in a series intended "for young students"; why should advantage be taken of their inexperience to inoculate them with the idea that the Bible is a hoax? Evidently we cannot here attempt a refutation of the presuppositions of this little book, but we must protest against statements such as the assertion that when the Israelites entered Canaan "they had not yet come to the conception of Jehovah as the supreme and only God in all the world" (p. xxi), or that "the tribe of Levi appears to have ceased to exist as a tribe at an early time" (p. 86). Such statements are as reckless as they are subversive.

Dr. Gigot, on the other hand, whose admirable render-

¹ (1) *The Book of Judges*. By H. C. O. Lanchester, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. Pp. xxviii, 110. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1915.

(2) *The Message of Moses and Modern Higher Criticism*. By Francis E. Gigot, D.D. New York: Benziger. Pp. 35. Price, 9d. net. 1915.

ing of the Apocalypse we lately welcomed in these pages, has printed as a pamphlet a lecture which he delivered in the University of Pennsylvania, dealing directly with the fundamental question of the Pentateuch. We confess that its main effect upon us is to excite us to regret, and that for two reasons. In the first place, the question with which the learned author deals is such a vast one, that it is impossible to cover the ground in anything like a satisfactory way within the narrow limits of a small pamphlet. On the other hand, the price is enormous; the Catholic Truth Society has habituated us to expecting at least that much matter for a penny. Hence we can hardly predict a large sale for the little tract. Still, so far as it goes, it is good. There is a clear summary at the beginning. A short introduction leads us to the first part, dealing with the literary contents of the Pentateuch. The second part then deals with the legislative contents, and a general conclusion finishes the whole. If space had permitted it, we should have expected to see the historical contents also dealt with separately. Perhaps at some future date Dr. Gigot may favour us with more lectures on the subject; meanwhile we have found his present effort both encouraging and helpful.

3—IS SCHISM LAWFUL?¹

IS schism lawful? Schism is the disruption of the social bond which cements human society. We often apply this name to the secession of parties that form even among the members of purely voluntary associations, but primarily it is applicable to the two perfect societies in which men are incorporated, the State and the Church. If the question is put as regards those who form the membership of some civil society or kingdom, the answer which most would accept is that secession from its unity is a serious step for its members to take, but that there are times when it is lawful, as in the secession of the United States from Great Britain in the eighteenth century, or of Norway from Sweden quite recently. But can schism of this kind from the world-wide society called the Catholic Church ever be lawful?

This is the question which Father Maguire studies in the

¹ *Is Schism Lawful?* A study in Primitive Ecclesiology with special reference to the question of Schism. By the Rev. Edward Maguire, Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth College. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. Pp. xx, 323. Price, 5s. net. 1915.

volume before us, which was originally submitted to the Theological Faculty at Maynooth as a thesis for the Doctorate in Theology. He studies it in what we may call the new way, the way which has been rendered necessary by the changed attitude towards Catholicism of the rationalistic criticism, in other words, the way of minute historical criticism.

The solution of the question obviously depends on the solution of a prior question, as to the nature of the Christian Church. Is it a society which our Lord Himself instituted, setting over it an authority which was likewise of His institution in its fundamental features, and did He command all people to submit themselves to this Church, even making it a condition of salvation that they should become and remain its obedient members and disciples? If so, it is not conceivable that schism should be lawful under any circumstances whatever; and to the objection, what if the authority endowed with such claims on men's consciences should at any time prove faithless to its trust, and rule for the undoing rather than for the advancement of Christian truths and principles, —the answer demanded by logical consistency, as well as attested by historical testimonies, is that the divine Founder of the Church could not and did not neglect to guard the ruling authority in His Church from the possibility of thus defeating the ends for which He had appointed it; and hence, that He imparted to it the gift of infallibility. Those, on the other hand, who defend schism as at times lawful, start from the underlying assumption that the notion of the Church as an obligatory institution is not to be found in the New Testament or the ecclesiastical writers of the first period. From the time of the Reformation, when this opinion first came to the front, their idea has been that the primary rule of faith is a rule of private judgment, that the responsibility is on the individual to decide by consultation of Holy Scripture what is to be believed and what must be done or avoided; and that visible Churches are only voluntary societies into which those form who find themselves in agreement as to fundamental articles of belief. This view is still dominant among Protestants and Rationalists, though among the latter, within the last few decades, it has been transformed in character to meet the requirements of their present state of theorizing. Just now Sohni and Harnack are to the fore with their explanations of the origin of the Church. Both hold that our Lord, not being God and having only a limited view of what

the future was to bring forth, imagined that the Parousia in which He was to be the chief figure, would come to pass very shortly, and hence took no step towards the foundation and organization of an abiding Church, since on that hypothesis the Church was not destined to be a lasting institution. According to Sohm, the followers of Jesus were kept together for some years by the living control of the Charismata, which for a while they received very frequently, but which, at length dying out, made way for the automatic formation of a Church organization that gradually became recognized as divinely intended. Harnack's view varies from this only in assigning an earlier origin of the tendency to evolve a stable organization.

Father Maguire brings these opposing theories of Church organization to the test of Primitive Church history, as exhibited in the writings of the New Testament, of the Apostolic Fathers, and of SS. Justin, Irenæus and Cyprian. In a brief preface he acknowledges his debt to Batiffol, Duchesne and Tixeront, and those who are familiar with these writers will recognize their influence on the present author at every step. This is not, however, to charge him with undue plagiarism. The pioneers have beaten out a necessary historical road; subsequent students cannot but follow it. But Father Maguire shows a full grasp of the subject which he thinks out under such excellent leaders, and has produced a conclusive defence of the Catholic position well worthy of the theological distinction which we trust it secured for him. In his last chapter, and in two Appendices, he discusses Anglican, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian theories of Church unity, and, in discussing an abstruse theological question as to what constitutes membership of the Church and what destroys it, he has occasion to consider the somewhat novel view of this question taken by the Jesuit Father Urban, of Cracow, at the Congress of Velehrad in July, 1907, a view which aroused some interest in High Church circles at the time.

4—CONFIRMATION¹

"CONFIRMATION" is another book submitted by its author to the Theological Faculty at Maynooth as a thesis for the doctorate of theology. It is a study of a well-known problem of sacramental history. In the New Testa-

¹ A study in the development of Sacramental Theology. By the Rev. Michael O'Dwyer, Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son. Pp. x, 191. Price, 3s. 6d. 1915.

ment there are one or two references to apostolic acts that bear the appearance of being ministrations of the Sacrament of Confirmation, but in which the ceremonial rite appears to be imposition of the hands of the Apostles, and that only. Thus in Acts viii. 14, 20, we read that on receiving the news that Samaria had received the word of God, Peter and John were sent down to them, and "prayed that they might receive the Holy Spirit, for as yet he had fallen upon none of them, for they had only been baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then they imposed hands on them and they received the Holy Spirit." Compare also Acts xix. 1-6; Tertullian, Cyprian, and Firmilian, and likewise Canon 38 of the Council of Elvira (306), and Canons 8 and 19 of the Council of Arles (314). These allusions are not, indeed, altogether clear, but they lend themselves to the construction that the ceremony of imposition of hands which they prescribe as to follow after baptism, is to be identified with the sacrament of confirmation, inasmuch as it is said to be "for the reception of the Holy Ghost."

Nor do the allusions capable of being cited for the same theory cease till much later. In the East indeed, the Council of Constantinople (381) prescribes that when heretics, whose baptism in their heresy was valid, return to the Catholic Church, they are not to be rebaptized, but are to be "signed and anointed first with the holy chrism on the forehead, the eyes, the nostrils, the mouth and the ears," with the accompanying words, "the seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost"; and in the West, at the close of the sixth century, we find Gregory the Great seeming to mingle the two rites, as if both were in use, where he says that those who return to the Church, if already validly baptized, are to be "renewed to the bosom of the Church, either by an unction of chrism, or by an imposition of hands, or by a mere profession of faith." Still, these passages, it will be noted, all refer to the cases of persons coming into the Church from heresies, and as such they leave us always in some doubt whether what is the subject of their words is a ceremony of reconciliation or a sacramental rite identical with that imparted regularly to baptized Christians. The history is very complicated, but the author goes through it all very carefully, and does his best to trace the nature and motive of what he conceives to be the change from an ancient system in which imposition of hands was as yet the customary rite of confirmation, to the later system, alike

in East and West, in which without hesitation it is laid down that the essence of confirmation is in the anointing with chrism and this alone.

How account for this change, if it really took place? The author adopts a theory that has, no doubt, some support from a few theologians, the theory that confirmation is a sacrament in regard to which our Lord determined the rite only *in genere*, leaving it to the Church to add further determinations by her own authority if at any time they seemed to her desirable. He tells us in his short Preface that his inquiries have "forced him, against his wishes almost, to this conclusion." For our own part, whilst acknowledging the difficulties of the history, we find it to be an impossible view to accept. For what it involves is not so much that the Church added further determinations to the nucleus of rite prescribed by our Lord, but that she formally set aside in the fourth century, or thereabouts, a rite which had come down from the beginning, and substituted one of quite a different character; moreover, that this very radical change took place without attracting attention of any kind—for where do we find in the writings of the Fathers and ecclesiastical historians any intimation that they are conscious of a substantial difference between their usage, and that of the centuries previous to their own? Is it not better, therefore, to fall back upon the tradition of the Church, which for Catholics is always a sure guide, and gather that at all times anointing with chrism was the matter of confirmation, and hence that perhaps the imposition of hands "for the reception of the Holy Ghost," to which Scripture and some early writers refer, was not the sacrament of confirmation itself, but some ceremony akin to the Pentecostal outpouring. This, indeed, is a position which needs careful discussion. But as a contribution to such a discussion we may raise the question whether some of the facts the author brings forward, in which the reconciliation of heretics is said to be by a mode of unction or by imposition of hands, may not perhaps refer to absolution. Imposition of hands was admittedly a customary rite of absolution, not confirmation, and may not the mode of unction be what the author in one place calls the unction of exorcism, and be akin to the first unction in the baptismal rite? It certainly seems hardly credible that confirmation itself was ever used as a rite for receiving back into the Church converts from heresy. That would be against first principles, for con-

firmation is a "sacrament of the living," and could not surely, without sacrilege, be administered to those who as yet by supposition were in a state of sin.

Still, though we cannot go with him as to these points, it is due to Father Maguire to acknowledge that he has drawn attention to a very interesting subject, and provided materials which will help to its solution.

5—TWO BOOKS ON ENGLISH ECCLESIOLOGY¹

IF we say that Dr. J. Charles Cox's two volumes on English parish churches are heavy books we trust that we shall not be misunderstood. We refer only to their material weight in avoirdupois, not to their treatment or subject-matter. The former condition is induced by the copious and for the most part excellent illustrations, which necessitate the employment of thick, glazed paper. As a result, the volumes are for their bulk very heavy to hold, but that is almost the only unfavourable criticism we have to make of them. We say almost, for the great number of illustrations has also led to another inconvenience, to wit, the very thin margin of more or less spaced-out text, which is presented by many of the pages. But the very irritation we feel at these minor discomforts is itself a tribute. We want to read the books, not merely to look at them. Dr. Cox writes very pleasantly and simply, and he is the acknowledged master of his subject. What he does not know of our old churches is not worth knowing, and he combines in an extraordinary degree a wide range of book knowledge with the gifts of the practical antiquary and trained observer.

Of the two books, issued by different publishers, which we have chosen to notice together, that upon *The English Parish Church* is the more likely to be appreciated by the general reader. Its scope is very well defined by its sub-title, "an account of the chief building types and their materials during nine centuries." The promise thus indicated is very fully redeemed in the three hundred and odd pages at the author's disposal. Perhaps the chapter which will be read with most interest is that on "Materials," including comments

¹ (1) *The English Parish Church*. By J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. London: B. T. Batsford. Pp. xix, 338. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

(2) *Pulpits, Lecterns and Organs in English Churches*. By J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Humphrey Mitford. Pp. xii, 228. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

not only upon stone, flint, brick and timber, but also upon such matters as plaster, whitewashing and mortar. To a very large number of those interested in our old churches this is comparatively new ground, but it is at the same time a most important field of inquiry for any one who would qualify himself to become a practical antiquary. The information supplied by the author on the sources of our stone supply, both foreign and domestic, will be welcomed by all, and these very practical details are appropriately followed by a chapter, "What to note in an old Parish Church." May we point here to one citation in which we venture to differ from the learned author? We are satisfied, for reasons previously stated in these pages, that the ordinance of Archbishop Peckham in 1281 about ringing the bell "on one side" during the Mass for the benefit of those in the fields had nothing to do with the *sanctus* bell, and consequently nothing to do with low side windows.

The volume on *Pulpits, Lecterns and Organs in English Churches* possesses all the admirable qualities of the volume just noticed, but Dr. Cox is dealing here with matters that are rather more limited in scope, and consequently more technical. It may be well to remark, that while pulpits both of stone and wood, both mediæval and post-Reformation, are all included, still the volume does not cover the whole range of church furniture and equipment, but on the contrary, belongs to a series which devotes special treatises to "Screens and Galleries," to "Fonts and Font Covers," as well as to "Misericords" and "Tabernacle Work." Still, for those capable of appreciating it, Dr. Cox's volume is admirably executed and most beautifully illustrated, which last circumstance alone goes for much in such a highly technical study.

6—MEDITATIONS FOR LAYFOLK¹

"**M**EDITATIONS for Layfolk" is a title that explains itself, yet some may be inclined to think that meditation may be all very well for religious and the class of persons we call *dévotés*, but that layfolk generally have no time and no call to give themselves to so severe a spiritual exercise, unless perhaps occasionally when they retire for a few days to some religious house to make a retreat. On the con-

¹ By Bede Jarrett, O.P. London: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. xi, 303. Price, 2s. 6d. 1915.

trary, meditation is good for us all, for layfolk as well as religious, for what is meditation save devout thinking as leading on to more fervent and intelligent praying? It is commonly said that a writer must be a reader if he wishes to be interesting and inspiring when he addresses his fellows. And similarly, our layfolk, if they would be really good practising Catholics, must, like our priests, not be content to suffer the religious knowledge they have acquired in their youth to lie crude on their mental stomachs, but must render it nutritive to the soul by the digestive processes of the mind and heart, that is, pondering over reverently the truths and principles of their faith, and praying over the thoughts thus made to live with all the heart's affection.

At the same time, our layfolk, if they are to be attracted to the practice of meditation and to be enabled to profit by it, must be provided with books to suit their special requirements. There are certain spiritual books that are classics for all times. But as supplements to these, it is requisite that in each age those who live its life and have to deal with its peculiar mentality and its peculiar tasks and problems, spiritual as well as civil, should be aided and stimulated in their meditations by the thoughts and exhortations of experienced writers, who live and breathe in the same *milieu*. Just such a book as this is now provided by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., and the C.T.S. is to be congratulated on so valuable an accession to its literary output; for we are delighted with this new book of meditations, and venture to predict for it a warm welcome as soon as its merits are discovered, for it is just what is wanted. It consists of 150 papers on a variety of doctrinal, moral, and social subjects, of which the following may be taken as specimen-headings—God made me, Good and Evil, The Person of Christ, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Mother of God, the Loneliness of Sin, the Resurrection of the Body, the Following of Christ, the Ascetic Ideal, Private Property, Citizenship, Political Violence, Faith-values, Papal Infallibility, Freedom in Religion, Distractions, Silence, the Infallibility of Conscience, Freedom of the Soul, Extreme Unction, Criticism, Originality, Peace. These headings convey an idea of the amount of ground covered, and testify to the appropriateness of the papers for a course of religious instruction as well as of subjects for meditation. Indeed, the two things run into one as provisions for the use of laymen, some of whom will like to read them in a reflective spirit

from their armchairs, some to ponder them over on their knees as food for their prayers. And it is for this reason, doubtless, that there is none of the apparatus of meditation in the book, except for a very simple *schema* at the beginning, drawn up by the late Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.

What we particularly like is the freshness of the thought and style. We have not found a dry page anywhere. Yet the mode of presentment bears the mark of having been very carefully thought out, for it is only thus that such clearness, definiteness and suggestiveness is attained. One would like to confirm this estimate by a few quotations, the more so as it is one of the merits of the book that it lends itself so readily to quotation. But space forbids us to give more than a single example.

The very infirmities of nature—weakness, sleep, weariness, &c., that make reason so aghast, make faith, curiously enough, more active. Every obstacle to faith becomes its defence, and every enemy a new recruit. The physical sciences have given to Catholics a much more splendid vision of faith and God than they had before, enabling them to see the wonders of God in greater profusion. Every advance only serves to show how intimate and natural is the supernatural. An older generation startled us by telling us that all other religions contained in fragments what the Catholic Church held in a complete form, but we found on examination that this was one more reason for acknowledging the truth of revelation. If the Christian Faith was really divine, then surely man must feel deeply the needs it comes to supply, and, in consequence, will feebly and brokenly grope his way towards them. Because I can find every single doctrine of the Church taught by some religion or other, and because I find them gathered together nowhere else than in her, then surely I am convinced that she has obtained, by the swift light of God, what they painfully and falteringly have partly discovered.

We take this short extract, which admirably sums up the elements of a far-reaching thought, from the paper on *Pride in Faith*.

SHORT NOTICES

APOLOGETIC.

IT is a pleasure to get on to common ground with the Rev. Ronald Knox and the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, which so beautifully publishes his works, after the considerable divergence from its position to which, on occasion, we have had to confess. Mr. Knox's **Bread or Stone** (price 1s. 6d. net), a short series of Conferences on Impetrative Prayer, is indeed an excellent example of apologetic work adapted to the needs of the thoughtful and cultivated mind of the day. Mr. Knox is of course clever in the extreme, but in this little volume, having a solid thesis to support, he is not tempted into the cleverness of mere paradox. His treatment of the difficult subject of prayer for temporal goods is conceived in the spirit, indeed, not of cleverness, but of true and deep insight, and his pages on conformity to the Will of God in prayer are extraordinarily fresh and helpful.

We fear that it is impossible for us, notwithstanding its excellence of intention and devotional spirit, to welcome wholeheartedly the little brochure of Dr. Knapp, the Chaplain of Merton College, Oxford, entitled **Thy Dead shall Live** (Longmans: price 6d. net). Left without the anchor of Catholic authority, the writer casts about among strange theories of some sort of a resurrection of some sort of a "spiritual body" immediately after death. It is only fair to say that in these few short chapters the author does not profess to argue out his case with fullness. All the same, we consider it a mistake in principle for anyone to put forth theories largely supported by their character as being "comforting to stricken hearts," when the real question concerns their truth or falsehood.

Mr. C. G. Mortimer's little book on **The Anglican Claim to be Catholic** (C.T.S.: price 3d. net) is a very timely and useful contribution to a controversy which the Kikuyu incident has shown to have lost none of its actuality with the lapse of time. Mr. Mortimer wisely avoids all the large ancillary questions—Orders, jurisdiction, and the like—in order to concentrate upon the central point, the actual isolation of Anglicanism from every side, and the need therefore "to invent a perfectly fresh theory of Church unity," to include it in the one Fold, and the failure of any such theory as yet advanced. This point he drives home with admirable lucidity and force, and full apprehension of all the latest phases of the non-Catholic argument. We have to thank him for a powerful and brilliant little piece of apologetic, and the C.T.S. for a very cheap threepenny worth.

DEVOTIONAL.

For the past seven years or so, the Bishop of Versailles has addressed a series of volumes to his flock, clergy and laity, under the general title, *Les Devoirs de l'Heure presente*. The last, which was published a year before the war, and has the engaging title, **Aimer notre Peuple** (Lethielleux: 3.50 fr.), is an acute diagnosis of French Society from the point of view of religion, exposing in detail the evils which exist and how best they may be remedied. The book is a vigorous summons to the Christian to exercise that apostolate which is the chief of his duties

after saving his own soul: its appeal comes with all the more force now that the war has shown the necessity of religion to the State, even in the temporal order.

Mgr. Gibier's Vicar-General, the Abbé G. Millot, has published a more particular appeal in *Serai-je Prêtre?* (Lethielleux: 2.50 fr.); addresses to French youths on the character and requirements of the sacerdotal vocation. After determining the exact meaning of a vocation according to the recent decision of the Holy See, M. Millot speaks generally of that wider sense of the word which embraces the combination of natural aptitudes and personal circumstances and interior promptings or repugnances found in those whom the Bishop accepts for training. Again, the war has added value to the work, for it has shown, more eloquently than the most eloquent treatise, to what sublime heights of patriotic devotion the priestly vocation leads the way.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A very stirring story of missionary life and of Christian heroism is the *Life of Father Richard Henle, S.V.D.*, by Father G. M. Stenz, of the same Society, published at the Society's Press at Techny, Ill., U.S.A. Assassinated by the "Boxers" in a little hamlet of China in 1897, at the early age of forty-two, Father Henle had managed, thanks to his supernatural devotion and great natural energies, to get a great work done in his short life, as his friend Father Stenz, who escaped from the danger under which his companion fell, vividly describes in this arresting book. The reader will find, too, much that is of value about the general progress of the Catholic cause in China as well as several photographs of exceptional interest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are heartily in agreement with Mr. George Robertson, M.A., one of our younger and up-to-date schoolmasters of the following of Dr. Rouse, that, if Greek is "going out," it is "not the fault of the Greek but of the teaching," and that "Homer and the New Testament are enough to make the fortune of any language." In his *Introduction to Greek Reading* (Cambridge University Press: price 2s. 6d.), he makes a very interesting, and within its limited bounds very useful, contribution to method in the teaching of the language. Its value is that while rapid and partial in its scope it still remains scientific—there is no contradiction here—and it involves no limitation of ideas or perversion of philological truth such as to hinder a deeper pursuit of the study in those who may wish to go further. This cannot be said of all the "direct methods" of the day. Moreover, Mr. Robertson's use of the many points of contact between Greek, Latin and English is ingenious in the extreme.

We noticed some little time ago the first volume of Mr. S. C. Roberts' *Picture Book of English History*, of which the second, extending from 1485 to 1688, has now appeared (Cambridge University Press: price 3s. 6d. net). It maintains the same high standard set by the previous volume, and is the product of first-rate specialist knowledge in the departments both of history and of art. Some of the pictures are curiously alive in present-day interest, *e.g.*, those of the original "Ark Royal," whose counterpart is in the Dardanelles to-day, and of the Scarborough siege-piece. If one may select when all is good, one would notice particularly the excellent selection and reproduction of the architectural illustrations.

It is with much pleasure that we receive from Messrs. Longmans the

first two volumes of a new half-a-crown reissue of such of Mrs. Francis Blundell's works as they publish. **The Manor Farm**, that admirable novel which we noticed at length on its first issue,¹ and the beautiful book of sketches known as **Pastorals of Dorset**, are the first two volumes of the series. Among the choicest of the gifts we owe to "M. E. Francis," their production in all that concerns printer, binder, and publisher is well worthy of them. We are sure that their popularity will take the new lease of life that it deserves.

Dr. F. Homes Dudden, one of the Bishop of London's examining chaplains, publishes through Messrs. Longmans, at the price of 1s., four sermons on **The Future Life**, pious, well-intentioned, and extremely well expressed. Dr. Dudden seems to suggest an idea we have lately noticed in other Anglican quarters, of some sort of a bodily existence immediately after death. He eliminates Purgatory but seems to suggest some sort of a discipline and progression in the future state. He makes some little use, rather loosely, of Newman, but otherwise seems to take no count of the theological history of his subject—which may perhaps explain why, to our minds at least, he succeeds in accomplishing nothing but beating the air.

On the publication of Mr. Stewart McDowall's *Evolution and the Need of Alonement* we took occasion, in our issue of January, 1913, to say something of his position in general and what appeared to us to be its weaknesses. In **Evolution and Spiritual Life** (Cambridge University Press: price 6s. net) he continues the development of his main theses in the spheres of Fundamental Theology, and of the Church, Sacraments, Prayer, and the like. Our sense of Mr. McDowall's ineffectiveness springs from a divergence right down at the roots of thought; granted for the moment his postulates, we gladly allow that he makes as strong a plea as they will permit, for the Christian interpretation of life.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Burns and Oates are joint publishers with the Society of SS. Peter and Paul of the nine penny booklets of Challoner's **Meditations**.

The Guide in the Ways of Divine Love, by the Abbé Granger, Canon of Bayeux, was indeed well worth translating, and Messrs. Washbourne have done well to produce it at the very low price of threepence. It is a very remarkable little book upon the greatest of subjects, affective in tone throughout and eminently calculated to excite and to maintain devotion. As welcome, though in quite different manner, is the same firm's penny reproduction in French of Cardinal Mercier's **Code Abrégé de la Vie Chrétienne**, a masterpiece of concentrated instruction which it would be impertinent to praise and superfluous to recommend.

A second series of **Fireside Melodies**, as cosmopolitan and varied as the first, reaches us from the Mission Press of Techny, Ill., U.S.A., with a few very salutary words on "The Spirit of Music" by way of preface. We wish musical entertainments given by Catholics were always as free from the "silly, maudlin songs" and other "abominations" of the day as is this volume. We wonder why Dr. Dykes's very cranky four-part music to "Lead, Kindly Light" has obtained such popularity among Catholics. There is a fine, simple melody, much more suitable and singable, in the Congregational and other dissenting tune-books; and if one wants a four-part setting, one of the finest and strongest is now available in the appendix to Dom Gregory Ould's Hymn Book, by Mr. Hollins, the blind musician at Edinburgh.

¹ See THE MONTH, January, 1903, p. 104.

Messrs. H. R. Allenson's charming little "Sanctuary Booklets"—one of the best sixpenny-worths on the market—comprises, as our readers may remember, several Catholic works of prime importance ascetically. The latest volume, however, is by a Protestant writer—the well-known and pious Dr. J. R. Macduff. **The Bow in the Cloud**, the product of a religious mentality in many respects different from ours, enlists, however, our hearty respect and sympathy.

Messrs. Burns and Oates give us in **The Burial Service, the Burial of Infants, and Mass for the Dead** another of their extraordinarily cheap and, at the same time, satisfying liturgical reprints. For only 3d. net we have seventy-four pages of excellently clear print. The Proper for November 2nd and for ordinary Requiem is given in addition to that indicated in the title, and throughout the Latin is given in full as well as the English—a departure from evil custom for which we are duly grateful. Doubtless the happy revival of late of interest in liturgical matters has helped to make possible such productions as the present one; but none the less we feel sure that the excellence of such provision as this will in its turn help to increase the demand.

One publication of the Society of SS. Peter and Paul at least we can heartily welcome, even though it be one of the "York Books" or "continuity tracts." It is the reprint of the late Mr. C. L. Marson's now famous tractates entitled **Huppim and Muppim, And Ard**, which are here given us, with a memoir of the author, by Canon Scott Holland, for the small sum of 6d. We fear there may even be Catholic educationists here and there whom Mr. Marson's scathing satire may touch in a weak place, but of course the whole point of the tract—as Mr. Marson knew and intended—is to drive home the difference between the Catholic and the "Kings-of-Judah-and-Israel" system of religious instruction. "What hold has Anglicanism got upon the ordinary Anglican? None whatever." Such is his pertinent question and reply. No doubt he was right in putting much of the blame on "Huppim and Muppim," to say nothing of "Ard." But unfortunately he did not see so clearly that these were themselves rather symptoms than true causes.

Messrs. J. and W. Chester, of 54, Great Marlborough Street, send us two further numbers of the transcripts in modern notation from the Vatican *Graduale*. The **Missa pro Defunctis** and the **Te Deum, Asperges**, and **Vidi Aquam** are cheap in this clear, handy and well-printed form. We are not in love with their transcription of the quillisma by a dotted quaver and semiquaver, it misses the nuance that essentially characterises that ornament; in all other respects the transcription serves as well as any transcription can to suggest the true force of the neumes.

The last batch of the newest issue of C.T.S. tracts contains several which are of special interest. First among these is the Bishop of Northampton's **Neutrality of the Holy See**. It will be recognized as a reprint from the current number of the *Dublin Review*, and that the Editor of that periodical has consented for its appearing so soon as a penny tract is explained by the urgency of the subject. It touches the subject at all points, and is a complete vindication of Benedict XV.'s refusal to be drawn into a condemnation of German atrocities at the present stage. The Bishop appeals appropriately to the Bull of Pius V. excommunicating Queen Elizabeth, which, though well-deserved, is generally held to have been a most unfortunate step. Father John Wright, S.J., in

How to stop the Leakage, gives the outline of a scheme for stopping the leakage among Catholic children who have just left the Elementary School. It has been tried in some towns, in one particularly, and has received a warm approval from the Archbishop of Liverpool and some other Bishops. It is in no sense intended to take the place of the already-existing societies which have done such useful work in the same field, but rather to work with them and for them by some supplementary work which eludes their action. Its method is the institution of a network of After-care Committees, whose members will take interest each in a few individual children, from among the class of those who would otherwise, from their circumstances, be neglected as regards the practice of the faith. Priests in charge of parochial districts will find this tract well worthy of their attention. A penny tract to bring the de Rudder case, that most conclusive and demonstrable of miracles, to the knowledge of a wider public, has long been a *desideratum*. This Father Felix Ranken, S.J., has now written. **A Modern Miracle** gives (1) the Facts; (2) the Evidence; and (3) a medical study, with diagrams, of the leg bones which were thus marvellously united in the space of a few minutes on a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at Oestacker, near Ghent, on April 7, 1875. This tract is the abridgment of a larger pamphlet brought out by the C.T.S. of Scotland in 1906. The C.T.S. has several tracts on Indulgences, but there was room for this other entitled **The Doctrine of the Church touching Indulgences**, by Father Hugh Pope, O.P., the speciality of which is that it discusses some of the theological questions which arise in connexion with the practice. **Pilgrimages and Relics** is the republication, with slightly modernized spelling, of a little book by Dr. Gregory Martin, which was published in 1583. **Dr. Gregory Martin**, by Dyddgu Hamilton, is a biographical memoir of this Dr. Martin, whose name will always be in honour among English Catholics as that of the priest who was the principal translator of the Douai Bible.

The latest batch of the Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets is of special interest. Father Allan Ross's life of **Monsignor Hugh Benson** is no mere compilation, but a little critical essay well worthy to be kept permanently by the side of the larger books called forth by Mgr. Benson's death. The summing up of his leading characteristics is a strong and discriminating piece of work, and, as was to be expected, fuller recognition is given than in some other appreciations to the directly spiritual interests and activities that made this popular preacher and writer's life essentially what it was.

To its series on the Religious Orders, the Society now adds an informing and inspiring paper on **The Sisters of Notre Dame**, by one of their number. The world-wide activities of the Congregation, its history, its distinctive aims, methods, and spirit are set forth with conciseness and lucidity. The reader is made well aware, too, that the extraordinary secular efficiency of the Congregation's work implies no deficiency in religious and ascetic life—on the contrary the latter may well be the very condition of the former. A most useful reprint is that of Cardinal Bourne's recent address at Hammersmith on **The Pope and the War**. Among the apologetic tracts a permanent place should be attained by the compilation, by "a Scottish Priest," entitled **Some Protestant Historians on John Knox**. No type of apologetic is more useful than that which puts in the box the opponent's own witnesses, and here we have a veritable galaxy from Rankine to Andrew Lang.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- BLOUD & GAY, Paris.**
The German War and Catholicism. (English Edition). Edited by Mgr. A. Baudrillart. Pp. 318. Price, 2s. net. *The German War and Catholicism.* Album No. 1. Pp. 32. Price 1s. net. *Pages Actuelles.* Nos. 8, 13, and 32. Price, 60 centimes each.
- BURNS & OATES, London.**
The Burial Service and Mass for the Dead. Pp. 74. Price, 3d. net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.**
The Anglican Claim to be Catholic. By C. G. Mortimer, B.A. Pp. 80. Price, 3d. net. Also various penny pamphlets.
- CHESTER, London and Brighton.**
Missa pro Defunctis in Modern Notation. Pp. 16. Price, 3d. net. *Te Deum, Asperges and Vidi Aquam in Modern Notation.* Pp. 12. Price, 3d. net.
- ISTITUTO BIBLICO, Rome.**
Un Commento a Giobbe di Giuliano di Eclana. P. Alberto Vaccari, S.J. Pp. viii. 220. Price, 3 lire.
- LONGMANS, London.**
The Manor Farm. By M. E. Francis. Pp. xii. 376. Price, 2s. 6d. *Pastorals of Dorset.* By M. E. Francis. Pp. xii. 316. Price, 2s. 6d.
- MISSION PRESS, Techny, Ill., U.S.A.**
The Call of Christ. By Rev. H. J. Fischer, S.V.D. Pp. 56. Price, 5 cents. *Our Lord's Last Will.* By Herman Fischer, S.V.D. Pp. 236. Price, 60 cents.
- NELSON, London.**
General Sketch of the European War—The First Phase. By Hilaire Belloc. Pp. 378. Price, 6s. net. *Nelson's History of the War.* By John Buchan. Vol. IV., pp. 280. Vol. V., pp. 268. Vol. VI., pp. 223. Price, 1s. net each.
- OVERBROOK PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia.**
Address on the Administration of Baptism. By the Rev. A. J. Schulte. Pp. 20.
- SOCIETY OF SS. PETER AND PAUL, London.**
Huppim and Muppim, And Ard. By the late Charles L. Marson. With a memoir by Henry Scott Holland. Pp. 32. Price, 6d.
- TEQUI, Paris.**
La Femme au Foyer. By Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons. Pp. xx. 322. Price, 3.50 francs. *Echos de Guerre.* By M. l'Abbé M. M. Gorse, D.D. Pp. xvi. 500. Price, 3.50 francs.
- TRALIN, Paris.**
Solution du Grand Problème. Par A. Delloue. Pp. viii. 184. Price, 2 fr.
- T'USEWEI PRESS, Shanghai.**
A List of the Cities, Towns and Open Ports of China and Dependencies. By M. Kennelly, S.J. Pp. 84.
- UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.**
A Picture Book of English History. Vol. II. Compiled by S. C. Roberts, M.A. Pp. xii. 70. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- WASHBOURNE, London.**
In Father Gabriel's Garden. By Elsa Schmidt. Pp. viii. 264. Price, 2s. 6d. *Code Abrégé de la Vie Chrétienne.* By Cardinal Mercier. Pp. 26. Price, 1d. *Guide in the Ways of Divine Love.* By the Abbé Granger. Pp. viii. 62. Price, 3d.
- The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (first part). Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. xc.—cxiv.). Pp. viii. 422. Price, 6s. net. *What Shall I be? A Chat about Vocations.* By the Rev. Francis Cassilly, S.J. First European Edition completing 20th thousand. Pp. vi. 64. Price, 3d.
- WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., London.**
A Bundle of Memories. By Henry Scott Holland. Pp. viii. 322. Price, 7s. 6d.
So as By Fire. Notes on the War. By Henry Scott Holland, D.D., D.Litt. Pp. viii. 120. Price 2s. net.

